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## Comment of the day

### Royalty looks at Hongkong

PRINCESS Alexandra's comments earlier this week on Hongkong will be widely admired for their gracious fluency, as much as for their pointed and carefully-directed emphasis on the outstanding problems confronting us.

At the University congregation, the Princess said it was the Queen's "earnest hope" that the energy of the people will continue to be used "to promote welfare and social security in Hongkong." And later at the Chinese banquet on Tuesday... "It will need a long and arduous effort to make Hongkong a place where every family has a decent home, where every child can go to school, where every student can hope for a reasonable job, where every worker can be sure of a fair degree of security." (Our italics)

It is to be hoped that these words are carefully pondered. We have for years been told that our social welfare work is second to none. Yet achievements fall far short of needs. And in the field of social security, apart from the efforts of a few, our record is diametrically poor. Yet with pride we proclaim industry's achievements.

PRIMARY education has made big strides but secondary lags badly and we must do much better in both fields in future. Assuring young people of decent jobs—and of guaranteed minimum wages, proper working conditions and reasonable hours—is a problem where only the surface has been lightly scratched. And at the rate the population is outpacing home construction, there seems little hope of ever providing decent homes for all.

Lest complacency, half-heartedness or despair make those ideals which clamour for attention even more difficult to attain, may the Princess's words, and perhaps later her patronage of some worthy community enterprise, stimulate more devotion and enthusiasm amongst us all.

# Commission's appeal for Princes to form govt LAOS BLOODSHED WARNING

## Hostilities may break out again

Geneva, Nov. 10. The International Control Commission supervising the ceasefire in Laos has warned that "general hostilities" may break out in the troubled Southeast Asian kingdom unless the present tense situation there improves, it was learned today.

The Commission asked the British and Russian co-chairmen of the 14-nation Laos conference here to appeal to the three Princes who head the pro-Communist, pro-Western and neutralist factions in Laos to meet "without further delay" to form a government of national unity.

### No doubt

Conference sources said the appeal was being discussed by the co-chairmen Mr Malcolm Macdonald of Britain, and Mr Georgi Pushkin of the Soviet Union.

A British spokesman commented that "there is no doubt that such an appeal to all three Princes would prove valuable." The Commission, in its report to the co-chairmen dated November 2, noted failure by the three Princes to meet again to form a government of national unity following their agreement last month that neutralist Prince Souvanna Phouma should head such a government.

It added: "This delay in coming to a political settlement has increased tension, particularly as during this period the military situation has deteriorated."

### Direct hit

The commission—composed of members from India, Canada and Poland—had received reports from a variety of sources indicating the worsening military situation with attacks and counter attacks in various sectors.

After referring to the incident at Xieng Khouang last month, where the room of a Polish member of the Commission received a direct hit and five children of a French Catholic mission were reported killed, the report said fighting in and around this area was continuing.

It added: "The Commission

fears that if no progress is made quickly in the political field, and if the military situation continues to deteriorate, general hostilities may break out in the near future."

The report recalled earlier warnings to the co-chairmen that the ceasefire could not be maintained indefinitely and that hostilities were likely to occur particularly with the end of the rainy season.—Reuter.

## ANGOLA'S C-IN-C DIES IN CRASH

Lisbon, Nov. 10. The Commander-in-Chief of Portuguese Forces in Angola and 17 other persons were killed today when an Air Force plane crashed in the Huila district of Angola.

The Armed Forces information service said the plane's wing struck a tree at about 10.30 am at Chitudo airstrip, 58 miles south of Luanda near the border with southwest Africa.

The dead included General Carlo Silva Freire, Commander-in-Chief of the Portuguese Armed Forces in Angola, Brigadier Jose Correia, Air Force second-in-command, six Air Force men, seven Army men and three civilians.

One of the civilians was the secretary to the Governor of Huila Province.—UPI.

## FIVE MEN AND A WOMAN ASK FOR ASYLUM

# Sequel to abduction of Portuguese plane

Tangier, Nov. 10. Six armed Portuguese, including a woman, landed in a seized Portuguese airliner today and asked for political asylum.

Airport authorities here said later that the five men and one woman who had forced the airliner to circle Lisbon this morning had been taken into custody by the Moroccan police.

After staying inside the aircraft for about an hour, the six decided to leave after being assured by a Moroccan police superintendent that they would get a safe conduct. They gave up their arms, including three automatic pistols.

The plane later left for Lisbon with its original crew and 18 passengers.

### Captain Galvao

Captain Henrique Galvao of Santa Maria fame was at Tangier airport when the plane landed here. Accompanied by the Moroccan police superintendent, he persuaded the six Portuguese to leave the aircraft and go to the airport, according to usually well-informed sources.

He later drove away in a police car which left Tangier airport with sirens screaming. Police said the group were being questioned at Tangier Police Headquarters.

When the plane landed the armed Portuguese had allowed the other 18 passengers to

descend from the aircraft but remained aboard.

They turned the pilot and crew out of the plane and announced they would not get out themselves until the Moroccan authorities guaranteed them safe conduct and political asylum.

### Burst into cabin

The plane's passengers are all safe, according to the Portuguese Embassy in Rabat.

The plane left Casablanca this morning.

When it got over Lisbon three of the men carrying pistols burst into the pilot's cabin and ordered him not to land, according to officials at the airport here who interviewed some of the passengers.

While two other men tried to reassure passengers, who had their safety belts fastened, the woman ordered the stewardess to open the door. Belts of seats were then

### TYPHOON DOT

Tokyo, Nov. 10. Typhoon Dot, a late season storm, was located 280 miles north of Guam at 9 pm today, moving west at 14 miles per hour, U.S. Air Force weathermen reported.—AP.

# MOLOTOV GOES TO MOSCOW

Vienna, Nov. 10. Mr Vyacheslav Molotov, former Soviet Foreign Minister, left Vienna by train for Moscow tonight.

Mr Molotov, who is still officially listed as Soviet permanent delegate to the International Atomic Energy Agency, was accompanied by his wife.

Mr Molotov, recently denounced in Moscow for "anti-party" activities, visited the Soviet Embassy here twice today and, according to unconfirmed reports, had his passport cleared.—Reuter.

# The West puzzles over reports of K's Berlin somersault

Washington, Nov. 10. The major Western Allies had a first-class diplomatic mystery on their hands today—the source of reports from Moscow of new Soviet proposals on Berlin.

Mr Francis Tully, State Department spokesman, said the Department still had not heard anything from the U.S. Embassy in Moscow on the proposals which were said in press reports to have been made to the Western Allies.

### NOTHING

A high U.S. official said the Department had just spoken to Mr Llewellyn Thompson, U.S. Ambassador to the Soviet Union, who said he had heard nothing from the Russians, did not know what the reports were all about and was trying to find out the source of them.

Sir David Ornby-Gore, the British Ambassador here, said after a 40-minute call on Mr Dean Rusk, the Secretary of

State, that he knew nothing about the reported revised Russian plan on Berlin and had seen nothing to confirm the reports.

The U.S. officials said they were puzzled by the fact that all the major international news agencies as well as the New York Times had carried unambiguously optimistic reports from the Soviet capital on the four-point plan, all giving the impression that this represented a Soviet concession to the West.

But the officials added, they had not been able to determine who had given the information to the correspondents in Moscow. The officials noted that all the reports came from thoroughly responsible journalists.

One high source said the intriguing question was why the reported Soviet plan had come out in the way it did rather than through diplomatic notes.

The source said it might be a trial balloon to see what reaction the Soviet Union might expect. In the absence of any official knowledge of the plan, the reaction here in Washington and in other Allied capitals was one of caution and scepticism.

### SUCCESS

On the other hand, the source said, if the reported four-point plan did, in fact, represent a formal Russian proposal, then the U.S. would study it thoughtfully.

The tendency was, however, to dismiss the reported plan as "nothing new."—Reuter.

## VOPOS FLEE

Berlin, Nov. 10. Two armed East Berlin border policemen fled to West Berlin in full uniform today, West Berlin police said.

They added that East German authorities today continued to evacuate houses and erect barbed wire barriers in East Berlin bordering the French sector.—Reuter.

## Stalingrad's new name

Moscow, Nov. 11. Russia's "hero city" of Stalingrad has been renamed Volgograd, the Soviet Communist party newspaper, Pravda, reported today.—Reuter.

## TODAY'S WEATHER

Moderate east winds. Cloudy at first, becoming fair or fine. 8 am temperature 74 degrees; humidity 82 pc.

## Bank robbery

San Francisco, Nov. 10. Police said three gunmen took US\$78,000 today from a Bank of America branch after holding the families of two bank officials prisoners overnight.—AP.

# PRINCESS TO SEE THE RACES TODAY

In the pale cream hall of Government House this morning, Princess Alexandra and the Governor, Sir Robert Black, will receive representatives of youth welfare and young people's organisations.

Later she will move out onto the spacious lawns in front of the Governor's residence and mingle with the guests.

In the afternoon the Princess will go to Happy Valley and watch part of the race meeting. On arrival at the Jockey Club the Princess will be received by the Chairman of Stewards, Mr D. Benson, and Sir Sik-nin Chau.

### WIVES

The Princess will then meet other Stewards and their wives. The big race of the day, the Kwangtung Handicap, will be run at 3 pm and the Princess will present the cup to the winning owner.

In the evening Princess Alexandra will attend a military tattoo at the Government Stadium where she will be guest of honour of the Commander British Forces, Lieut-General Sir Rodrick McLeod.

## NO TENSION IN ALBANIA

Belgrade, Nov. 10. A Western diplomat in Tirane said today that the situation in the Albanian capital was "calm and normal."

He categorically denied rumours reported from Paris, that the Albanian government had declared a state of emergency and that troops, trucks and police had surrounded the Soviet Embassy.

The diplomat, talking by telephone to a Reuter reporter in Belgrade, said: "There is nothing extraordinary to be seen here" when told of reported tension in Tirane.—Reuter.

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TODAY'S TIPS  
ON  
BACK PAGE

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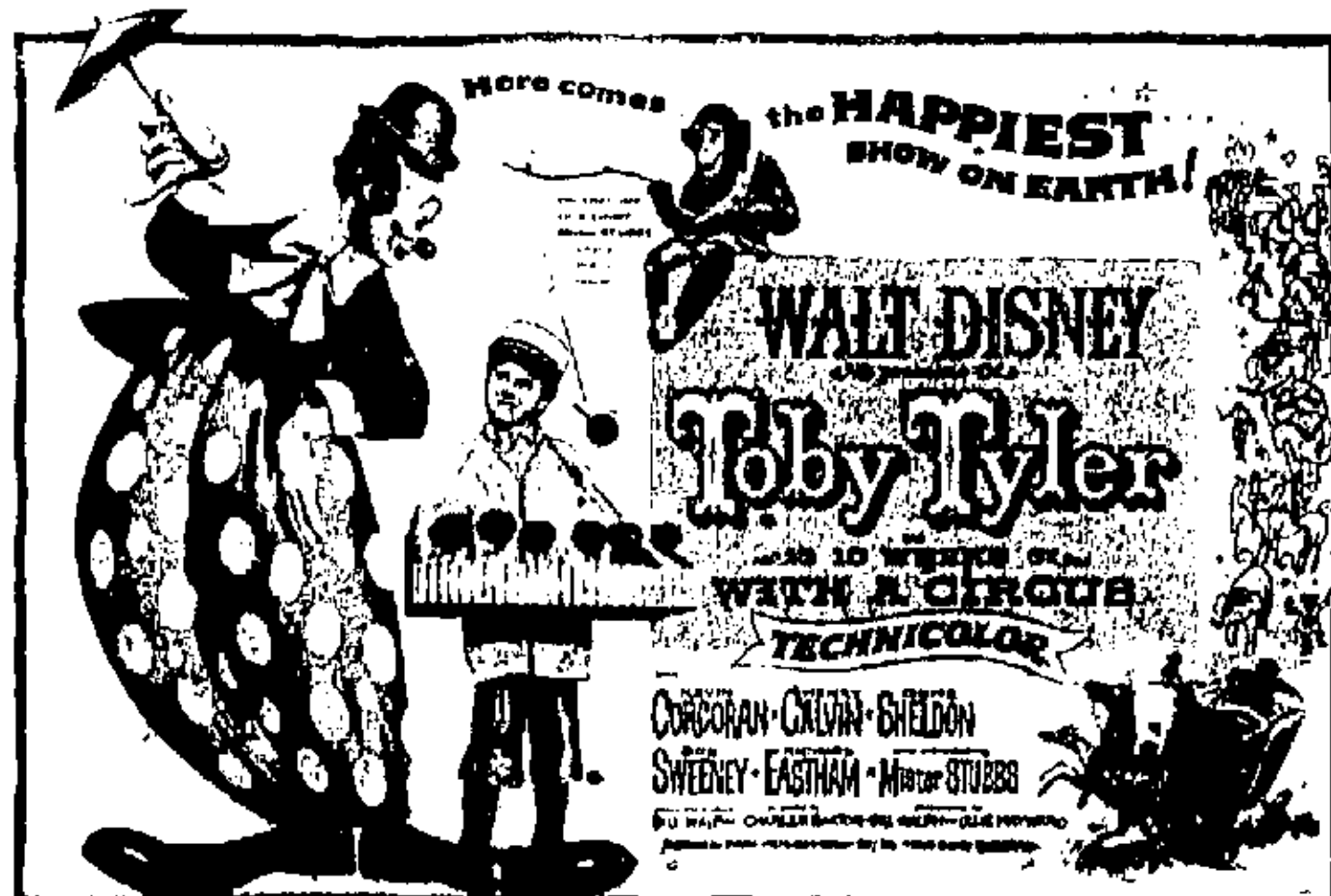
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\* Billy Smart's Circus aids charities  
\* News of birth of Princess Margaret's son, etc., etc.

SUNDAY MATINEES AT REDUCED PRICES

STATE: 12.30 p.m. Rock Hudson • Anthony Quinn in  
"SEMINOLE"QUEEN'S: 12.30 p.m. Gino Lollobrigida in  
"FAN FAN LA TULIPE"ROYAL: 12.30 p.m. Frank Sinatra • Grace Kelly in  
"HIGH SOCIETY"

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ROXY: To-morrow At 12.15 p.m. "JULIUS CAESAR"  
MAJESTIC: To-morrow At 12.30 p.m.  
"THE BOLD AND THE BRAVE"

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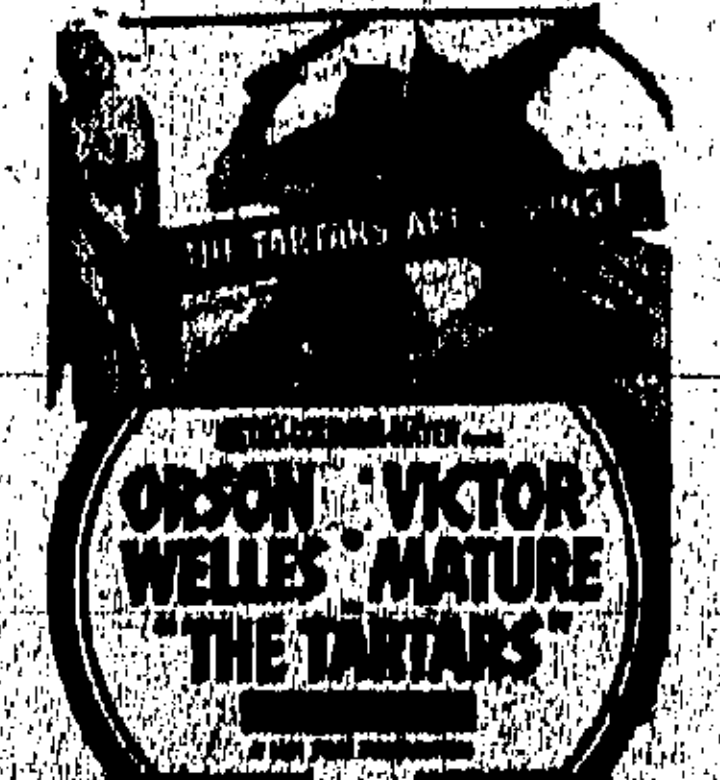
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## FILMS

## CURRENT &amp; COMING

by ANTHONY FULLER

**FANNY** (Lee & Princess) This is Marcel Pagnol's Marius-Fanny-Cesar famous trio about the Marseilles waterfront, which has arrived in Hongkong via the French books, the famous French films, and a Broadway musical which has dropped its songs on the way, but has acquired a Technicolor gloss by way of compensation.

Now I happened to be in Europe as this film was premiered, so you might be interested to hear what some of the people connected with it had to say.

Joshua Logan, the Texan who made it, rates it as a much better film than his "South Pacific". He said so, and he said that the colour in "South Pacific" was all wrong.

At the same time, wrong or not, and I thought it was, it has been at the Dominion at Tottenham Court Road over four years and paid for the total cost of the film there alone. "Fanny" he reckons is great.

Leslie Caron is more outspoken, and I give her point because it is absolutely honest. She said she was scared to play in "Fanny" because "Fanny" was so personal to Marseilles. Its wit, its humour, its very situation is so local that she feared that in presenting it as a universal attraction, it would fall flat. I recall her words.

"Mr Logan is a Texan, and he thinks a gigantic Texan way. But 'Fanny' is a small waterfront story, so French, so local in humour." In fact, I can tell you this, they had a job to get Leslie Caron to play the part.

Maurice Chevalier had no such reservations, he was, he is, and he always will be the inimitable Maurice.

This then is the situation as I see it. Assuming this is the first time you run up against Pagnol's trio, Fanny, Cesar, and Marcel, you will enjoy it immensely. If, on the other hand, you are familiar with the original, it won't come to life in this film.

To particularise, if you are recent to England, it is the same as turning the incredible TV success "Coronation Street," which is as Lancashire as black pudding, into a film of international flavour.

As the story has it, Cesar runs a little bistro in Marseilles, helped by his son Marius; there is Panisse, an elderly sail-maker, and Fanny, who helps her mother run a fish-stall.

Fanny and Marius are in love, but Marius is also in love with the sea. So he realises his more easily accessible desire before realising his ambition to go to sea. Consequently, Fanny is left alone and pregnant.

For fear of disgrace, she marries the sail-maker who is pleased to add "a son" to his trade sign, although the child, belongs to Marius.

However, this sentimental tale runs its way through smiles and tears, and its local appeal will, I think, be very strong.

It is a warm hearted film, with a mixture of love and anxiety, that its original wide appeal, and one asks, at least I do, if it has gained by its lush treatment.

It has, I suppose, that in that its original form, it was a masterpiece of French cinema, now it can be enjoyed all over the world, so one must be unselfish.

Leslie Caron is a delightful waterfront waif, her performance will bring her many admirers.

Horst Buchholz is convincing in his role as the rebellious Marius, but it is left to the two grand old men of French films, (and Hollywood of course) to steal the film, Maurice Chevalier and Charles Boyer.

I say old, for they don't mind playing "old man" parts, and they are only old in the sense of silly people who think age has something to do with years.

The lively scenes between these two are grand, and Chevalier as the sail-maker is a delight, while Boyer, as the bistro owner, the excitable Cesar, is excellent.



"I'll go with you... matelot." Leslie Caron and Horst Buchholz in a scene from "Fanny" Joshua Logan's production for Warner Bros. (Lee & Princess).

Jack Cardiff, the British

cameraman handles the photography which is simply superb.

Written from a woman's angle, the picture has great feminine appeal, and simply must not be missed.

Yet all the time this picture was being screened, my mind kept returning to the old black and white productions, with crochety old French actor Raimu, stealing the film.

★ ★ ★

**7 WOMEN FROM HELL** (Roxy & Majestic) This is another of those prison camp stories which relate the adventures, factual and fictional, of women who were held behind barred wire.

Quite a number of films on this subject have been made from the Allies side, and the Japanese have retaliated by making one of their own.

Naturally, the film is made from the angle of the side making the picture, the enemy getting the worst of it, therefore the Japanese film showed that some of their camp commandants were at least human.

"7 Women from Hell" moves somewhat to the middle of the road, and tells of how an international group of women were herded into a prison camp in New Guinea.

Follows the recipe as before. Barbarity, heart ache, cruelty, rape, escape, and finally love.

Patricia Owens the Canadian star plays the role of an Australian scientific team overtaken by the Japanese invasion, while Denise Darcel is the French woman caught up in war.

Cesar Romero returns to the screen as a Dutch-German planter who plays the good samaritan.

Piling on the horror, the film works up towards a good climax as the girls escape towards the Allied advance.

★ ★ ★

**THE NAKED EDGE** (King's & Broadway). On the way out from seeing this film, a voice from the darkened screen implored me not to give the plot away.

In my case, it was evangelising the inevitable, for so confusing was the issue, and so heavy handed was the determination to be mysterious, that I spent the rest of the day trying to sort it out.

The Naked Edge is definitely an attempt to be Hitchcock, even down to the publicity which puts a veto on late arrivals, but as the veto is operative only in the last minutes of the film, we are spared the risk of being thrown into the street by the manager for turning up late, as happened during "Psycho."

Now among top class mystery writers, there is an unwritten law that you play fair with the public. So that no matter how surprising the conclusion, you remember a clue that should satisfy you that the film has

proceeded along logical lines, and that the behaviour of the actors is, unless otherwise stated, the behaviour of normal people.

But in this film, Gary Cooper suddenly is in funds, and when Deborah Kerr wants to know where the money comes from, he says, "I made a killing."

He means on the stock exchange, but she recalls a slight case of murder in Gary's office, so she is a little suspicious.

Then, she is more than suspicious, and it seemed to me was a trifle too determined to send her husband to college, so naturally, I began to ask myself questions.

Would, for instance, any wife be as suspicious as Deborah? Or come to that, would any husband put up with it?

Then my mind took a slant to "Midnight Lace" and I remembered that Rex Harrison very nasty designs on his wife who happened to be Miss Doris Day on that occasion.

Now Jo Stefano wrote, this script, and he also wrote "Psycho." But without Uncle Alf Hitchcock on the job, this piece of terrifying insanity in so mundane a surrounding as a

block of tenements, for instance, or a second-hand bookshop, or in the settings of upper-crust life in England, it is all a bit too artificial, or too determinedly contrived.

But I must congratulate director Michael Anderson on one excellent sequence. Deborah Kerr, driven near crazy with suspicion, visits the tenements in search of the truth. Coming out, she gets lost (one tenement looks so like another) and keeps running into washing hanging on the line.

Really superb cinema! Gary Cooper as the business executive plays the role with competence and his usual charm. One could have wished for a better role before he took his final curtain call.

Deborah Kerr handles an embarrassing character of suspicion role with her customary efficiency, and puts up a smoke screen of suspicion against which some capable actors as Eric Portman, Diane Cilento, Hermione Gingold, and Peter Cushing, lurk.

Of course you must drop in to see the film, but I'll take a small bet you'll wish Alf Hitchcock had directed it. Only he can handle the ingredients of such films.



"The Naked Edge"—Gary Cooper and Deborah Kerr star with Eric Portman, Diane Cilento, Hermione Gingold, Peter Cushing and Michael Wilding in this George Glass-Walter Seltzer thriller. (Kings & Broadway).

## NEW FILMS AT A GLANCE

SHOWING

**KING'S & BROADWAY:** "The Naked Edge." Psychological thriller set in London. Story has a tycoon's wife obsessed with the idea her husband is a killer. Gary Cooper, Deborah Kerr, and Eric Portman.

**ROXY & MAJESTIC:** "7 Women from Hell." A return to the Prisoner of War camps, and the brutality and suffering of women behind barred wire. Patricia Owens, Denise Darcel, and Cesar Romero.

**LEE & PRINCESS:** "Fanny." Comedy drama, photographed in Technicolor, inspired by Marcel Pagnol's famous trio "Fanny," "Marius," and "Cesar." Tale deals with a young girl's chequered romance on Marseilles waterfront. Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, and Charles Boyer.

**QUEEN'S · ROYAL · STATE:** "Toby Tyler." Period "big top" Technicolor comedy melodrama revolving on orphan boy's adventures with a travelling circus. First rate family film. Kevin Corcoran, Henry Calvin, and Mr Stubbs, an educated chimpanzee.

**HOOVER & GALA:** "Honey-moon Machine." CinemaScope and Metrocolor comedy about two naval officers and a scientist who try to break a casino bank with an electronic computer. Steve McQueen, Eriq La Salle, and Jim Hutton.

COMING

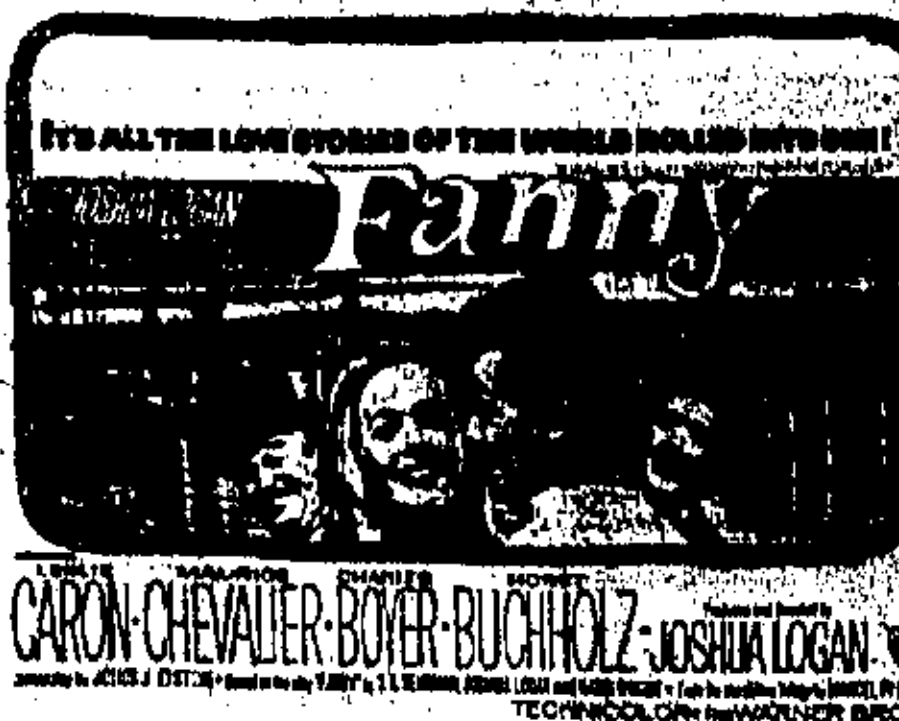
**KING'S & BROADWAY:** "Alexander The Great." Spectacular presentation of the man who bestrode the world. Richard Burton, Freddie March, and Claire Bloom. CinemaScope and Technicolor.

**ROXY & MAJESTIC:** The Second Time Round. "Wild West" comedy in which Dr. Jekyll takes over the sheriff's job and cleans up the town. Also Steve Forrest, CinemaScope and Eastman Color.

**LEE & PRINCESS:** "Girl of the Night." A story of a girl with love for a sailor, based on the book by Mr Harold Greenwald "The Call Girl."

## LEE · PRINCESS

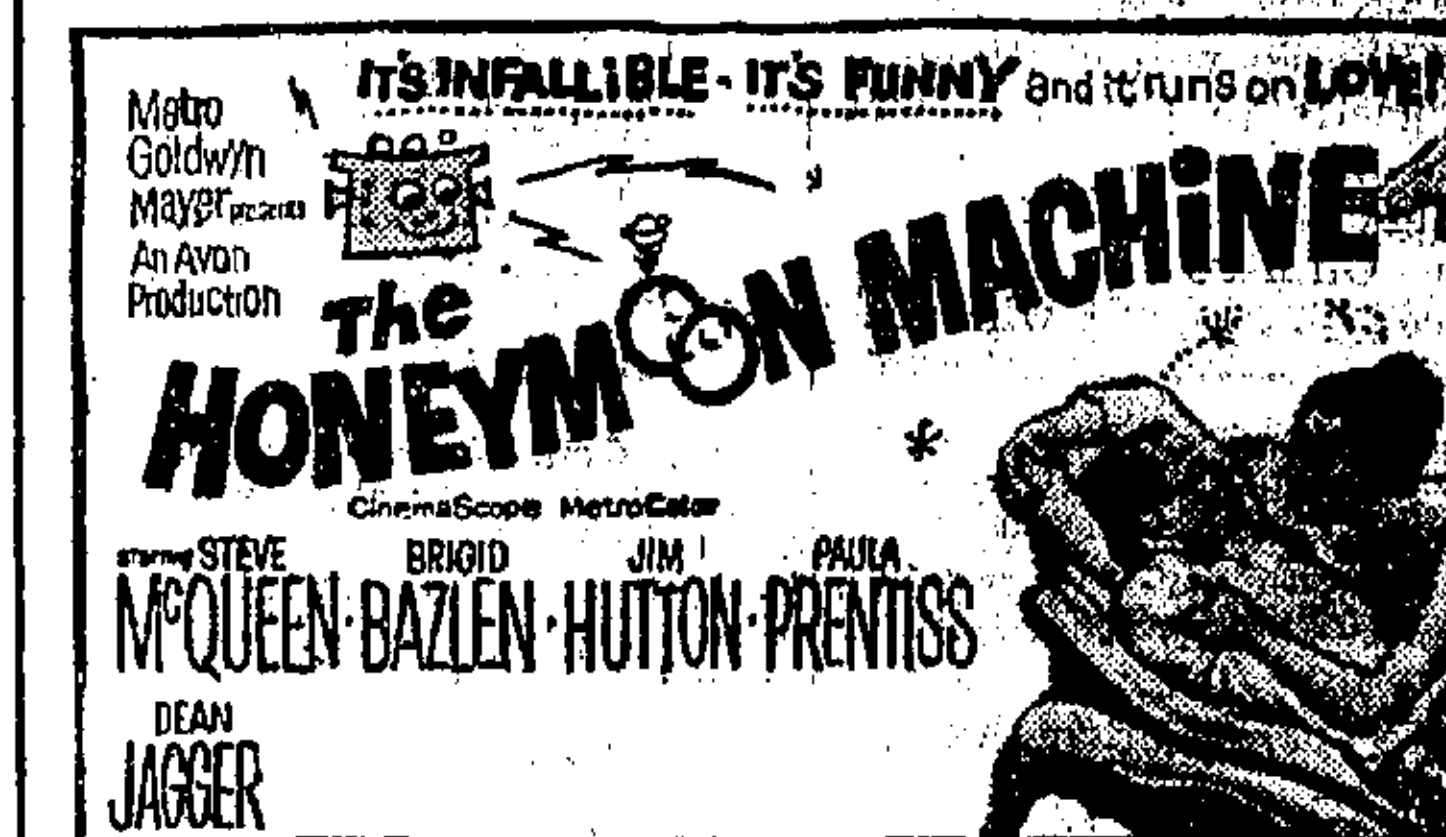
NOW SHOWING

At 2.30, 5.00, 7.20 & 9.45 p.m.  
(Please note change of times)

Morning & Matinee Shows To-morrow (Reduced Prices)  
LEE: 11.00 a.m. Colour Cartoons  
12.30 p.m. Laurel-Hardy "Dancing Masters"  
PRINCESS: 11.00 a.m. Charlie Chaplin "Gold Rush"  
12.30 p.m. Fabian in "Hound Dog Man"

## HOOVER · GALA

HELD OVER FOR 2ND WEEK

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 and 9.30 P.M.  
Side-Splitting Laughter on Top of Laughter!!

To-morrow Special Matinee At Reduced Admission  
Gala 11.00 a.m. M.G.M. COLOUR CARTOONS  
12.30 p.m. Steve Reeves • Mylene Demongeot in  
"GIANT OF MARATHON"  
Hoover 11.00 a.m. Universal Int. COLOUR CARTOONS  
2.30 p.m. Jerry Lewis • Dino Merrill in  
"DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP"

HOLIDAY MATINEE ON MONDAY, NOV. 13, 1961  
Gala 12.15 p.m. Fredric March • Kim Novak in  
"MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT"  
Hoover 12.30 p.m. "LAST TRAIN FROM GUN HILL"



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# HOME SIDE PICTORIAL



ABOVE: The Queen driving in her State coach to the House of Lords, where she made a thousand-word speech from the throne to open the third session of the present Parliament. The Queen wore a slim fitting white satin evening gown, embroidered with diamonds and gold.

★

RIGHT: Veronica Torcato of Bombay—"Miss India"—who arrived in London for the Miss World Contest, which carried a first prize of £2,500. Miss India, aged 25, is an airline sales assistant, and her family come from Goa. Her ambition — to travel and see the world.



★



ABOVE: Earl Russell and the Rev Michael Scott leaving the Russian Embassy in London after making a protest against the explosion by Russia of "the most powerful nuclear weapon ever tested." Earl Russell said to the Russian Charge d'Affaires Mr V. A. Loginov: "This disastrous competition, if persisted in, can only end in the extermination of both sides."

The protest was made on behalf of the anti-nuclear Committee of 100, and Mr Loginov talked with them for an hour, over British sherry, caviar, peanuts and Russian tea.



ABOVE: For the first time in known history, a trio of German warships sailed into a British port, on business — not just for a courtesy call, as they did before 1914.

They were the Federal Republic's two mine-sweepers, the Brummer and the Bieme, and the frigate Brommy. They took on in Liverpool water, oil and provisions overnight, before continuing on their exercise, in conjunction with the West German Sea Force. Picture shows their Commander, the Baron von Schlippenbach, an ex-U-boat commander.



ABOVE: Sir Stanley Rous was recently elected President of the International Soccer Federation (FIFA) at the Federation's meeting in Westminster, London. Here, he is seen talking to Miss Elaine Cremona, Secretary of the Luxembourg Football Association.

★

BELOW: The Committee of 100, in support of their campaign against nuclear weapons, organised a march of "milkmen" on the Russian Embassy, London. Some 200 marchers, armed with pint bottles of milk labelled "Danger—radioactive," tried to deliver the bottles to the Embassy.



ABOVE: It's THE COT—with a blue-for-a-boy bow tied on the wickerwork frame. A gift from the Earl of Snowdon's mother, the Countess of Rosse, it came from Dublin, where it was made by the Richmond Institute for the Blind. Lady Rosse had worked on the embroidery on the covers herself.

Police halted traffic to clear the way for the cot—seen here on the back seat of Tony's car.



ABOVE: Bernard Stanbury with his 24-year-old wife Sally, hunting on a globe for the "land of away from it all." He hopes to "establish a new co-operative self-supporting community on a tropical island comparatively safe from nuclear hazards." The only snag is the usual one—money. Each family would have to find between £1,000 and £2,000 to help equip the kingdom, which, if found, will be "an island on shipping routes where we will have just about everything the rest of the world has."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

LEFT: Mr Shehu Shagari, 37, Nigeria's Federal Minister of Establishments at Westminster, with Big Ben in the background. The young African Minister spoke at the Commonwealth Parliamentary Conference in London.

BELOW: Leopold Sanghor, French-trained poet, philosopher, and President of Senegal, with his French-born wife, in London. The President of the year-old African republic is on a four-day official visit. While the President is engaged on official business, his 37-year-old wife Colette will go shopping.



ABOVE: John Slater (left) and Brian Smith, described as two dangerous criminals who recently escaped from Broadmoor Institution, are pictured leaving Weybridge Surrey, police station, on October 26, shortly after their recapture. They were caught by police and tracker dogs in a mansion on the Wentworth estate near Sunningdale.

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**James Bond**

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**QANTAS**



# RUN RUN SHAW— THE STORY BEHIND THOSE SIX CADILLACS

**T**HEATRES are the forts of a film studio's empire. With this in view, the Shaw Organisation started an expansion programme two years ago—the fantastic project of building "one cinema a month" over a period of two years—to make their extensive cinema circuit even bigger.

Daily, half a million people pass through the box offices of 127 theatres throughout Southeast Asia to enrich the Shaw Brothers.

No wonder people say there is no business like show business and no brothers like the Shaw Brothers—the sole owners of the biggest show-business empire in the whole of Asia.

The world of Shaws now revolves around the axis of Run Run Shaw in Hongkong and Runme Shaw in Singapore.

Except for the business link, the two are poles apart in character.

Tall, slim, flashy and flamboyant, Run Run runs about in one of his six swift air-conditioned Cadillacs.

Short, stubby, reserved and practical, Runme rides a heavily laden one of his four seven-seater Rolls Royces—with several built-up back seats for the convenience.

## WIZARD

They have been buying mansions and bungalows—up to now the Shaws own 10 mansions and scores of bungalows used as guest houses scattered all over Southeast Asia.

The poles do come together, however, when Run Run, younger of the two, amuses himself between two ports to discuss plans and thrash out problems with his brother.

While Runme is a financial wizard, Run Run is the business spearhead.

Through Run Run works his staff till all hours of the day and night, he commands fanatic loyalty.

He holds court at 2 am and insists upon knowing the details. When he gives a banquet, he works out everything himself down to the specific type of flower for the table layout.

## HARD WAY

This thoroughness also marks the way he goes about the career. He spent years learning every phase of the film industry—cutting, camerawork, make-up, script-writing and directing. He knows what he is talking about when he discusses production or any other movie problem with his staff.

Born of a theatrical family, Run Run, like his three other brothers, has come up the hard way.



From cameraman to movie mogul—Run Run Shaw.

Shaws' rise to power paralleled the history of the Chinese movie industry.

In 1923, when their family fortune was at a low ebb, the Shaw brothers held an emergency conference in Shanghai to decide whether to sell the family theatre or the only house they had.

They decided to sell the house and live in the theatre.

## ACCIDENT

Among themselves, the brothers arranged to present a play which was an immediate hit. All Shanghai came to see "Man from Shensi," a melodrama with a Robin Hood style hero.

The first night the hero leapt into the air and fell right through the rotten floor boards of the stage. The audience, thinking it part of the plot roared with laughter.

The brothers made the accident a permanent part of the show.

It was the time when American silent films were making a debut in Shanghai by throwing pies and flaunting Charlie Chaplin. People queued for hours.

The brothers decided to invest in a movie camera. After a five-minute run-down by the salesman on how to operate the camera, the brothers went to film "Man from Shensi" by day and continued theatre performance by night.

Reputedly the first Chinese film, "Man from Shensi" set the golden eggs rolling into Shaws' bank account.

The film cost the brothers two thousand dollars and earned them hundreds of thousands.

With such a fantastic profit margin and a potential market of 500 million customers in sight, there seemed to be a golden mine for the budding film industry in China.

## BLOW

But incessant wars and strife, and natural disasters made the lucrative market untenable.

The crowning blow was the rise of warlordism and private armies. These soldiers gutted the theatres in their territories, nodding their heads at complimentary tickets, saw the shows and created scenes. And gradually audiences dwindled.

So in 1925, the Shaws looked south. Runme tucked three films

## Beginning a new series by staff writer DAVID LAN TITANS FROM THE NORTH

into a fibre suitcase and went steamer to Singapore.

Having combed the Malay peninsula, Runme found to his consternation that there were no movie theatres whatever.

He scraped up enough capital to build four flimsy structures in Singapore, Kuala Lumpur, Penang and Ipoh.

## SMALL ROOM

In 1926, he sent for the younger Run Run and started a partnership, laying the foundation of the Shaws' empire.

At that time, their headquarters was a small back room in a four-story office building in Singapore.

It was also Run Run's home. He worked there by day and, by night, slept wedged between film cans and movie equipment. He had barely enough to buy himself a twice-daily bowl of noodles.

In 1932, plummeting tin and rubber prices in Malaya was putting almost everyone out of business. Movie theatres toppled one after another.

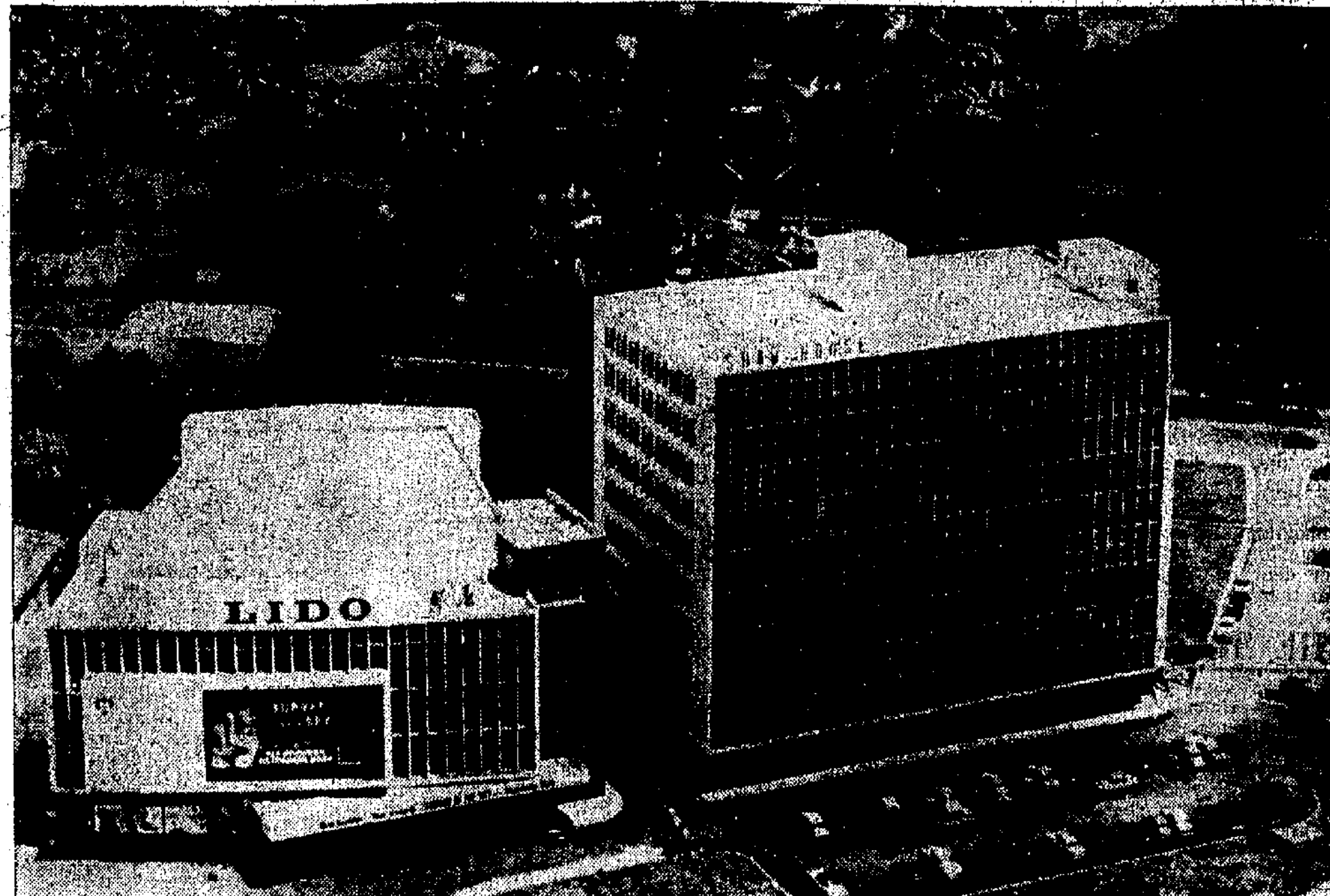
Run Run suggested importing foreign "talkies." The Shaws not only survived but thrived.

The first "talkie machine" they imported was a portable and they commuted from one theatre to another "with both of us sleeping on either side of our magic money-making machine like faithful watchdogs."

## TALKIE

Having successfully pioneered talkies in Malaya in the latter part of 1932, the Shaws went on to produce the first ever Chinese talkie, "White Golden Dragon" in Shaws' newly-opened Hongkong studios.

From then on Shaws and the Chinese cinemas grew pro-



Newly completed and ultra modern Shaw House and Shaw's Lido Theatre in Singapore. The Lido is one of the 127 theatres the Shaws own throughout Southeast Asia.

Meanwhile, the Shaws re-organised themselves. Brother Run Run refused to leave Shanghai where he remained with \$5 million of the company's assets; Run Di went into semi-retire-

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executive desk to steer the course of the giant enterprise. He spends his morning giving directives, reading mail which he insists on replying to the same day.

In between, he receives directors, stars, producers and executives, and answers phone calls which are incessant.

His afternoons are taken up with script conferences on Thursdays, lasting for four hours at a stretch.

On other days of the week, the afternoons are reserved for social engagements.

Any free afternoon he will disappear into his preview room or one of the cinemas to see rushes or films.

## BATHHOUSE

As often as possible, he nips down to the studios to watch shooting.

If it is nine-to-five for him on Saturdays, on Sundays he rises later than usual and dresses fancier and then breakfasts out with his wife.

By 10 am, he arrives at Kowloon Tong Club to watch his staff play badminton, invites them to lunch and later drives all lady stars home.

A merger of East and West, Run Run still likes the Shanghai style bathhouse.

As there is none in Singapore, he often drives straight to a bathhouse in Hongkong from Kai Tak Airport, where he returns from that city.

For his pleasure, a bathhouse has been planned in his villa beside his new studios in Clearwater Bay.

A man of great courage, he takes a long time to decide. Once he has made up his mind he will never change it.

His fortune was enough for our children, our grand-children, our great-grandchildren.

Busy as he is, Run Run is happy all the time. For he gets more pleasure from making movies and finding new stars for his film empire.

## TARGET

How many words of four letters? You have to guess the letters in the first column. The letters in the second column are the same as the letters in the first column. The letters in the third column are the same as the letters in the first column. The letters in the fourth column are the same as the letters in the first column.

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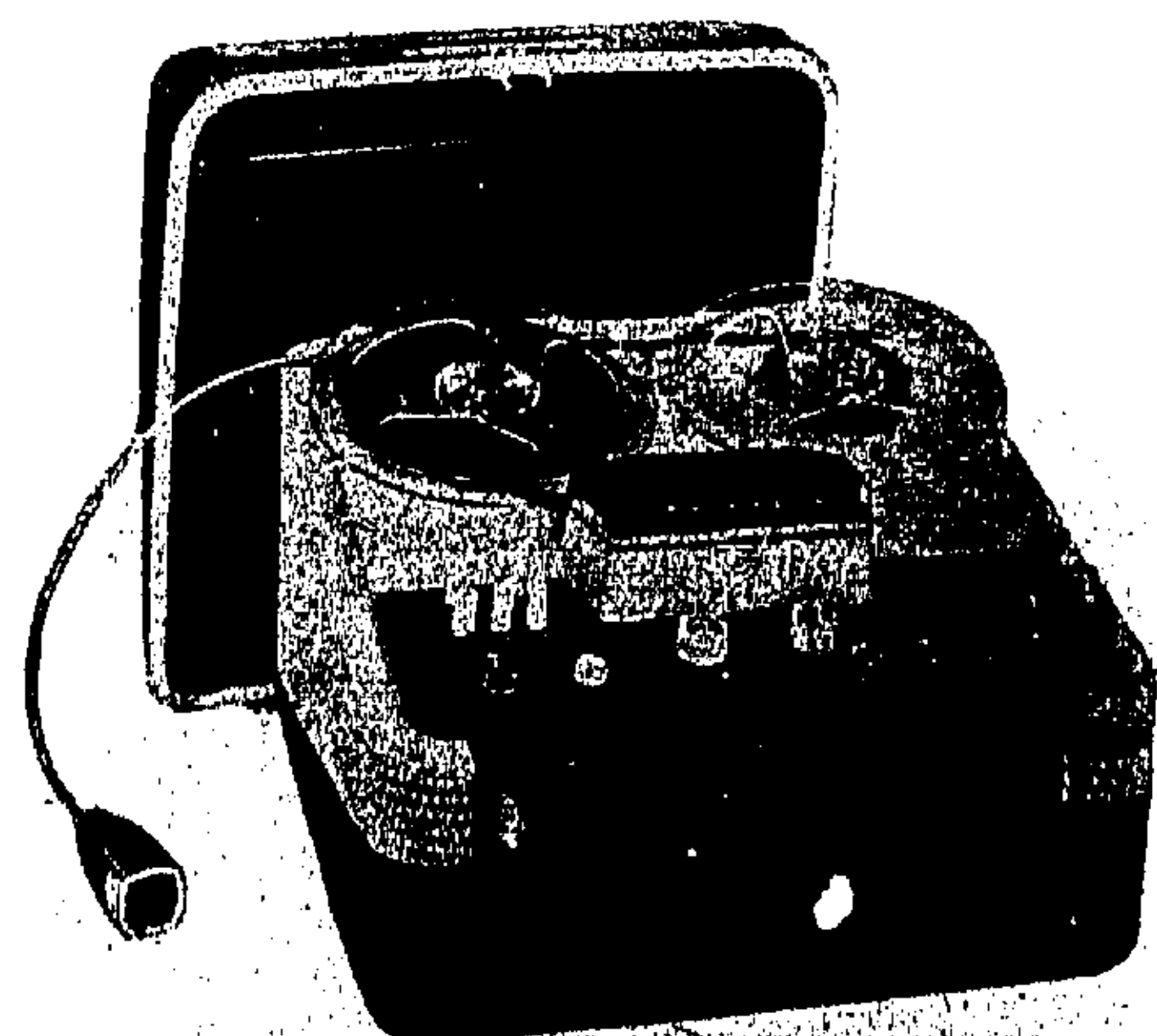
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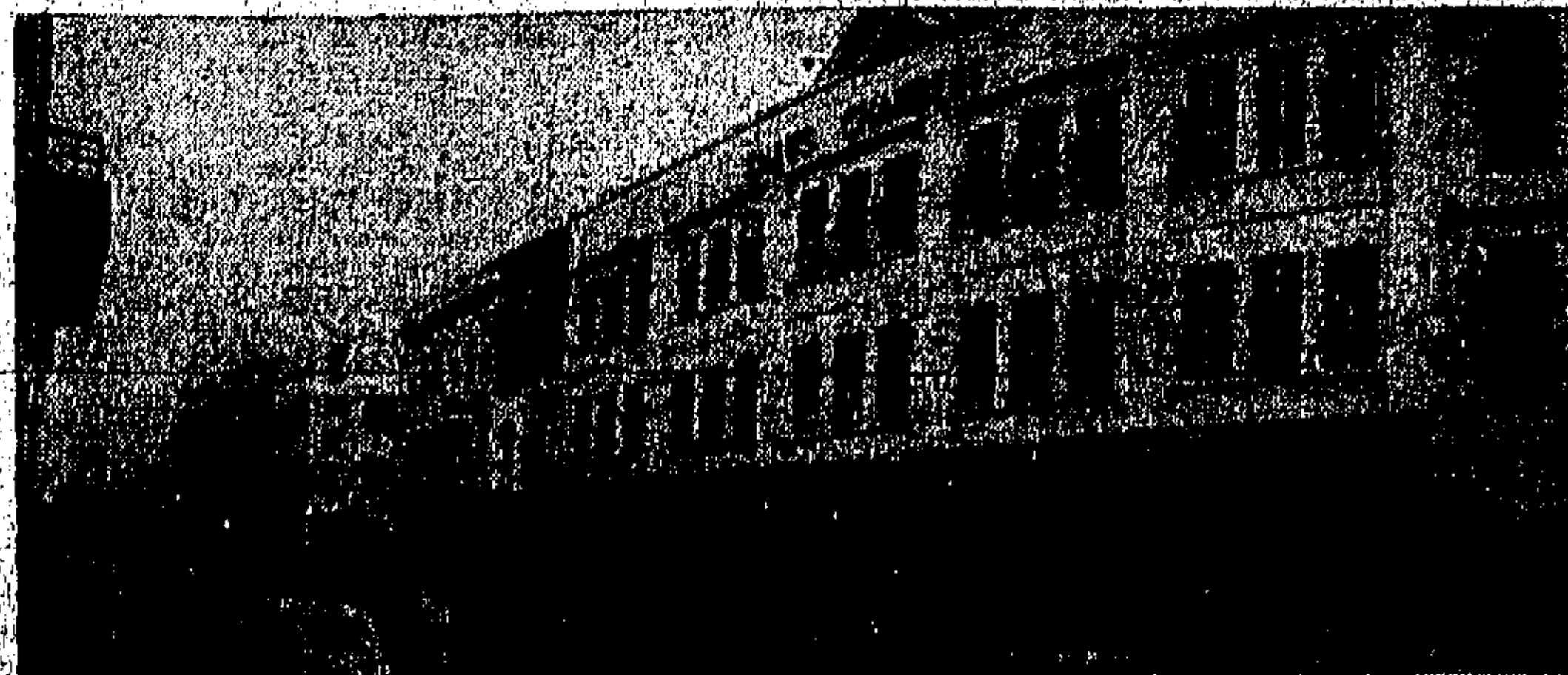
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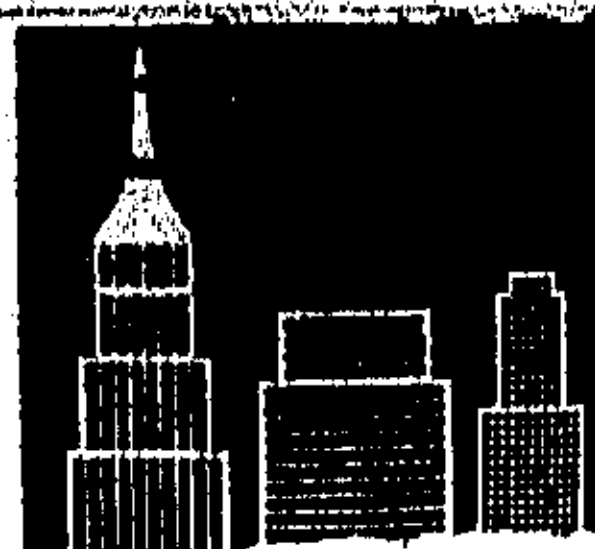
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Shaw Brothers' studio building in Singapore. This is where the Shaw Brothers started out.





from JEAN CAMPBELL

New York.  
**LEAPING** on to the biggest band-wagon off the 1960s is that plump little wonder-woman Perle Mesta.

She has decided to leave Washington and move to New York, where she is going to dedicate herself to entertaining the African delegates of the United Nations.

Now, as we all know, Perle will have her rivals, for Africa is the darling of the International Bull.

However, her two most attentive suitors, the United States and the Soviet Union, make fine enough speeches of love, but not much whoopee.

Now the hostess with the mostest is going to change all that.

Something tells me that Perle is going to make a bigger and better dent on the dark Continent than the Peace Corps.

## THE BALANCE

Ironically enough Perle's decision to entertain the Africans was like Canning's foreign policy, a matter of "calling a new world into existence to redress the balance of the old."

Ex-presidents Truman and Eisenhower, Bess and Mamie, these were her friends. She entertained them lavishly in her famous Washington home Les Ormes, but President Kennedy and his Jacqueline neither need nor know Perle Mesta. She faced a dreary winter of disconnection.

# 'Mostest hostess' plans a comeback

## SHE'S GOING TO WHOOP IT UP FOR THE AFRICANS

### N.Y. urge

**MISS HOLLY GOLIGHTLY** the heroine of Breakfast at Tiffany's, could not, as we all know, keep her mind off the jewelry shop.

Now Holly wanted jewellery. Hers was the magpie mind. But, to my surprise, lots of American girls are fascinated by Tiffany's. They pine to work there.

"Trish" Baldwin, Jacqueline Kennedy's friend and secretary worked there for many a year, and now the beautiful Kay Kelly, has joined the firm. Kay Kelly is rich, by our standards. She is one of the best

hostesses in New York. She is certainly one of the most popular young women.

To be foot loose and free and yet choose to work in a shop I would be tempted to put it down to the puritan heritage if Kay Kelly were not a Roman Catholic.

This urge to work in New York is an interesting aspect in the life of rich young women here. I once asked a young girl friend of mine—who had inherited several million dollars—why she was working as a clerk in a department store. She grinned.

"There's nobody to talk to in the day time darling that's why."

### Jolly

**THAT** very jolly English couple, Lord and Lady Melchett, are here bringing some of London's cosy

warmth and wit to our midst.

Sonia and Julian are planning to spend a great deal of their year in this country—a habit I suspect many people with international business interests and bulging bank accounts will soon copy.

I predict this tale of two cities will soon be a common tale.

Julian, I am told by my Wall Street friends, is a financial wizard.

There have been some loud rustlings and hurries and scurries in the bigger board rooms of the biggest financial houses down town since Milord Melchett arrived.

However, let it be known, finance is not Julian's only talent. He is the best dancer of "The Twist" I have seen from our shores.

Now Sonia is looking for a New York home where it would be fair to predict there will be some good talk—and twisting.



The Melchett family: See "Jolly."

## Sugar wins

**SUGAR RAY ROBINSON** wears luminous silver trunks when he goes into the ring. This weekend I watched him along with about eight angry people. He won.

But the crowd did not like the judges' decision, nor did they care for Sugar's boxing.

The ex-world champion was fighting 21-year-old Denny Moyer, a boy young enough to be his son.

It was a bitter victory for a man who once said: "What's rightfully mine I want. You can't stand around and let people gush you around. In the ring you got to be boss."

It is said in boxing circles that Sugar had made a New York comeback because he yearns to fight in London where the money is big and the man is worth his attention.

It is Terry Downes that Sugar wants to fight and I think you will be seeing Sugar's pink Cadillac in the Wembley-road before the winter is out.

**JOKES OF THE WEEK.**—The bachelor set down and penned a short note to the Chinese laundry. "Dear Mr Laundry Man, This is a deal. I shall send you back your pins when you send me back my buttons."

(London Express Service)



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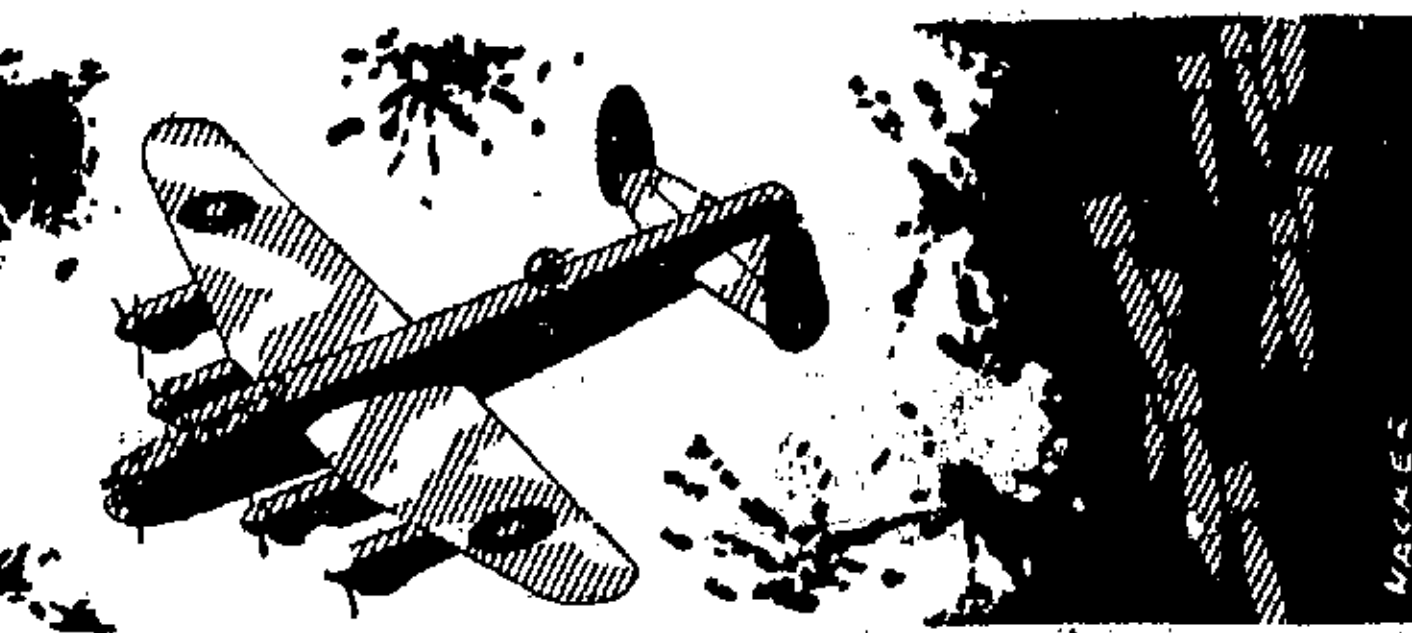
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# BOMBING OFFENSIVE

## THE HEROES SPEAK



# Even now this wife loves a full moon...

**A BRASS** Lincoln imp and a brassiere lie on a table in the bungalow's sitting-room.

Eighteen years ago they were playing a practical part in the bombing offensive against Germany.

"I'd have been really worried if I'd left any imp behind,"

says Mr Ronald Gardner, now a fireman, of Kenley, once a wireless operator of Bomber Command.

"I had to leave the bra behind, though. It would have helped the Germans if we had been shot down because it had our squadron number and all our old targets embroidered on it."

Berlin, Essen, Friedrichshafen, Nuremberg. The names of slaughtered cities are carefully stitched on the faded pink of a girl's brassiere. It belonged to Ethel," says Mr Gardner, smiling across at his wife.

## Superstitious

Most people had become superstitious, he told me. "It was fantastic the reliance we put in mascots. Scarves, Lancashire lumps, Cornish lumps, panties, old flying boots. One of our pilots always wore a top hat on take-off and hung a lavatory brush out of the window."

Ron Gardner, like the others, had also learned to rely on the skill of the other six men in his Lancaster and on his own courage. He was 17 when he joined the RAF and barely 20 when, in November 1943, he entered the battle of Berlin.

But first he had taken one precaution. "At the operational training unit all the blokes were mixed up together for three days and told to sort themselves out into crews. "An old warrant officer from Tooting told me, 'Look, son, it's very wonderful to have a daredevil attitude but if you want to stay alive pick a married pilot.' That's why I chose Len Young—he's now in the Customs at Hull—because he was an old man of 32 and he was married. I reckon I did the right thing."

Gardner handed me a frayed newspaper cutting. I read: "Thursday night's massive raid on Berlin by the RAF marked the start of a great winter offensive planned by Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Harris,

chief of Bomber Command, to knock Germany out of the war by next spring."

Ron Gardner went 18 times to Berlin and, although Germany was not knocked out of the war until a second spring had come, he remembers what they did to the city. "We never saw Berlin. That is, we never saw the streets. But what you could see through the cloud was the first. It was like molten metal in a plumb's cauldron. A proper boil-up. At 20,000 feet you could sense the heat coming up at you."

The crew's morale held, and Sir Arthur Harris had much to do with this. "He was a sort of myth to us old Butch. You might have thought we'd be against him. But we'd go anywhere for him. I won't hear a word against him."

During his tour of 29 operational sorties there was for Gardner at the very least "collywobblers in the guts." But he tried to spare his family.

He averaged six days' leave every six weeks. For the first three days at home he would sleep almost continuously—"perhaps as a reaction to the wakey-wakey pills we took when we got tired flying." For the last three days he would rarely refer to his work. His mother thought he was still being trained.

Then one day his mother had to be told.

Ironically it happened on their most successful raid. The docks at Stettin were the target. As crippled bombers streamed back across the North Sea, Gardner's Lancaster was diverted to Middleton, St. George in Yorkshire. "Their lot had taken a terrific beating and when we got down they just pushed us in a drying room to rest and forgot about us."

His crew was posted missing and a letter he had written to Ethel, his fiancée, for such an occasion was sent off. "Ethel's kept it, but it's too personal for you to see." Then his mother had to be told.

That was his family's ordeal. His own came a few weeks later. "It was real Lancashire weather, clamped down and raining. There was no chance of an operation, we thought. I was thinking O.K. I'd go into Southampton for the evening. There was a map of Europe on the wall and there was a line across it from Munich to Warsaw. I saw the line and I thought, 'Well, that's a long way to go. I'm only 13,000 feet, half our usual operating height. But we shall be all right. We

by TOM  
POCOCK

NEXT: The dog  
who bombed  
Berlin

## No orders

cause the Continent was socked in with fog and no German fighters could take off."

That night 795 bombers took off from English airfields bound for Nuremberg. At the Dutch coast Gardner looked below and saw "just as if a damn great cleaver had sliced the cloud away so you could see the fields, houses and roads. I could see Lancs all round us and the Germans could see us, too, and sent up every fighter they'd got."

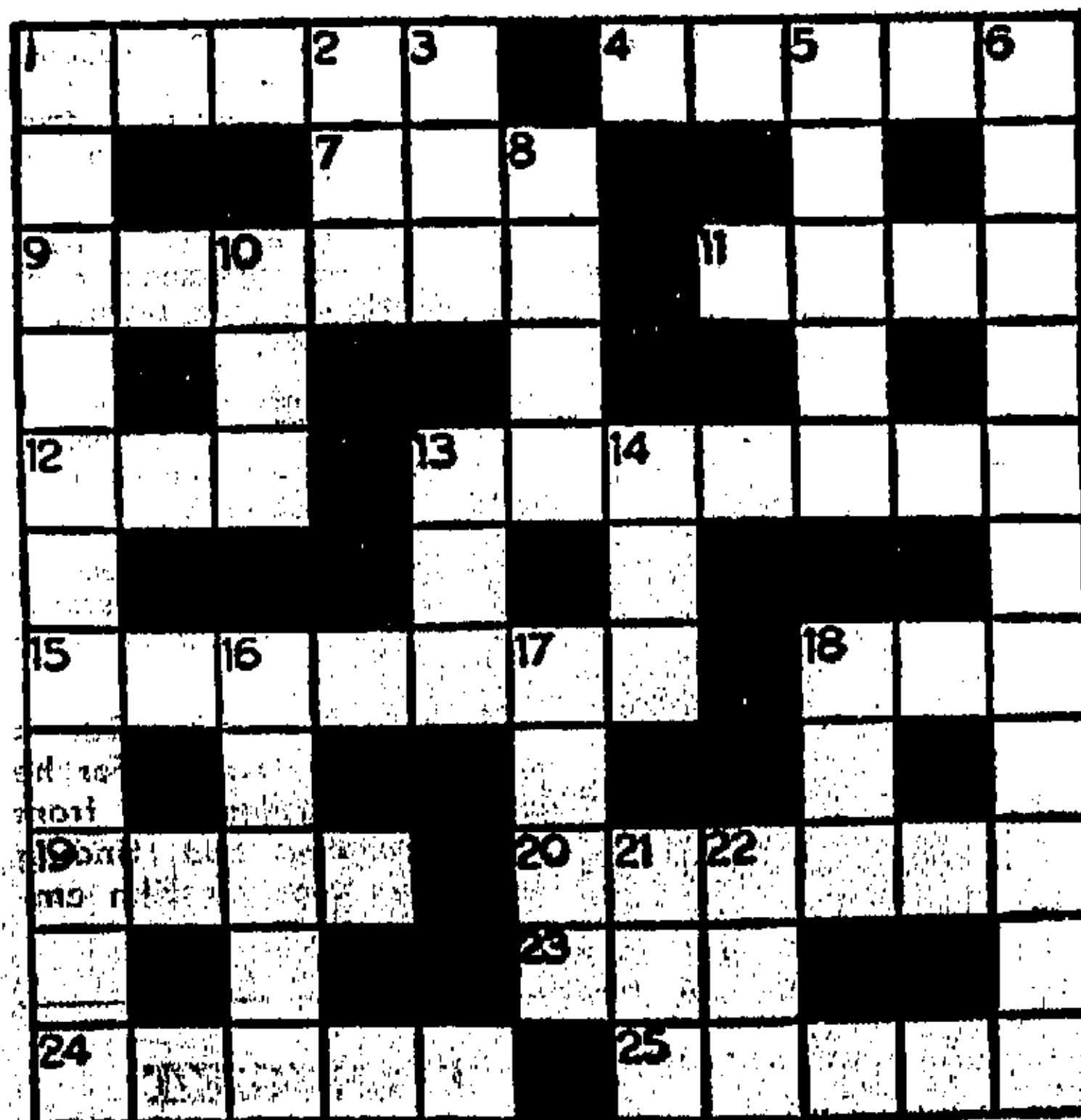
Len Young managed to save his crew. Without orders he climbed to 21,000 feet and eventually bombed "what we thought was Nuremberg." But more than 100 other crews were not so fortunate.

"It mostly happened during that first hour and a half," says Gardner. "Experienced pilots climbed out of the way, but a lot of others tried to get away when they saw the fighters at them. They pushed the throttles through the gate to make a dash for it. But their engines got so hot that the exhaust flame shields melted and you could see them all over the sky—their engines were lit up like Christmas trees. The fighters just picked them off. Sometimes they went down slowly, sometimes their 4,000lb. cookie bomb was hit and they just went up."

That night was the worst not only for Ron Gardner, but also for Bomber Command. It does not seem so long ago as he talks. For his children, Vivienne, aged 18, and Michael, 12, who listen and watch silently as he handles his log book, traced the bombers' and fighters' paths on a map of Europe. For Ethel it is different. "I still love a full moon," she says. "You see when there was a full moon I knew Ron was safe because then they did not go to Germany for four days and just for that time I did not have a full moon. It was the most beautiful night."

(London Express Service)

## A British Crossword Puzzle



### ACROSS

1. Andean Cry
2. Subterranean ways
3. Cub
4. Puppies in bed?
5. Mind
6. Wall clothes should
7. Great excitement
8. Regularly
9. A hummer—weight
10. Refreshing/wake-up?
11. Clean chap
12. Give an impression
13. Ship

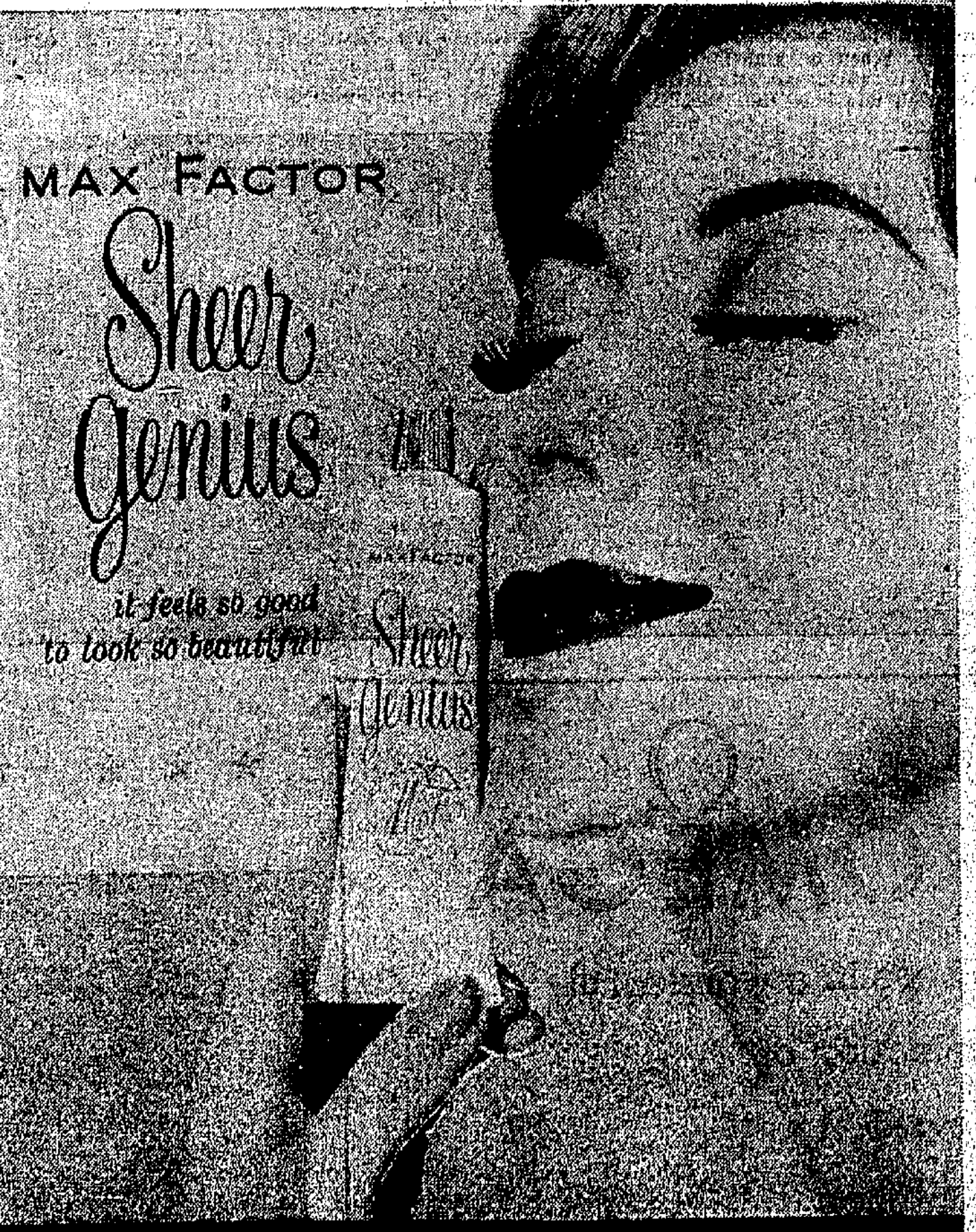
### DOWN

1. Birds
2. Play a part
3. The line?
4. Responsibility
5. It's put on the sea bed!
6. The family one?
7. Add one child
8. Overweight
9. A beaming boy?
10. Wine producer!
11. High shots
12. Blind
13. Snatch off
14. Preceding

**YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD**—Across: 1. Speed, 2. Sport, 3. Tandoori, 4. Kites, 5. Ape, 6. Ill, 7. Cuck, 8. Sty, 9. Roster, 10. Bitter, 11. Lead, 12. Needed, 13. All, 14. Arc, 15. Mat, 16. Aye, 17. Breeze, 18. Answer, 19. Tax, 20. Weeds, 21. Husks. Down: 1. Breeze, 2. Breeze, 3. Breeze, 4. Dots, 5. Stars, 6. Pop, 7. Ores, 8. Tiny, 9. Wind, 10. Tax, 11. Dye, 12. Sty, 13. Nil, 14. Admits, 15. Deters, 16. Breeze, 17. Dots, 18. Answer, 19. Lamps, 20. Amok, 21. Yip.



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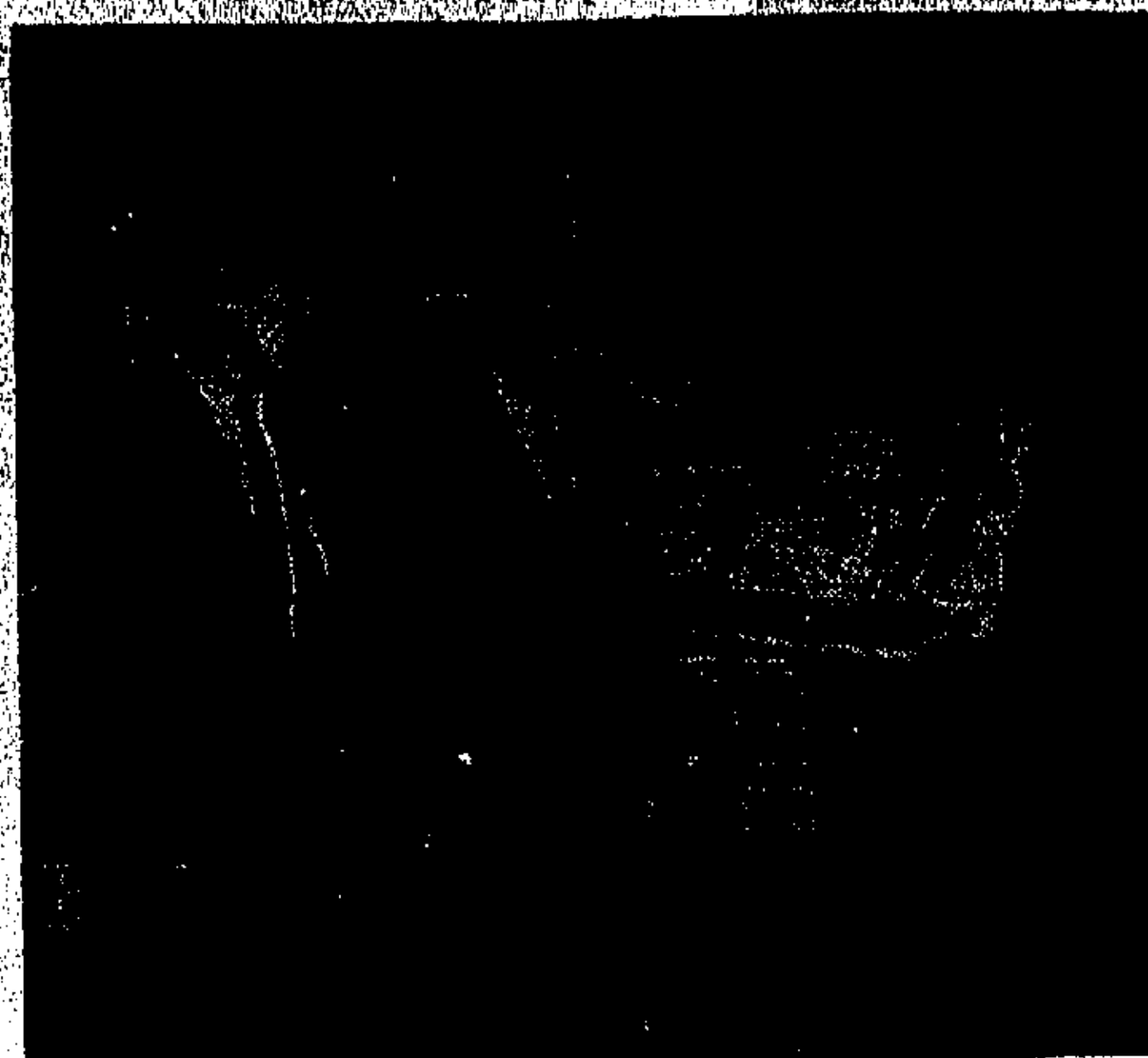
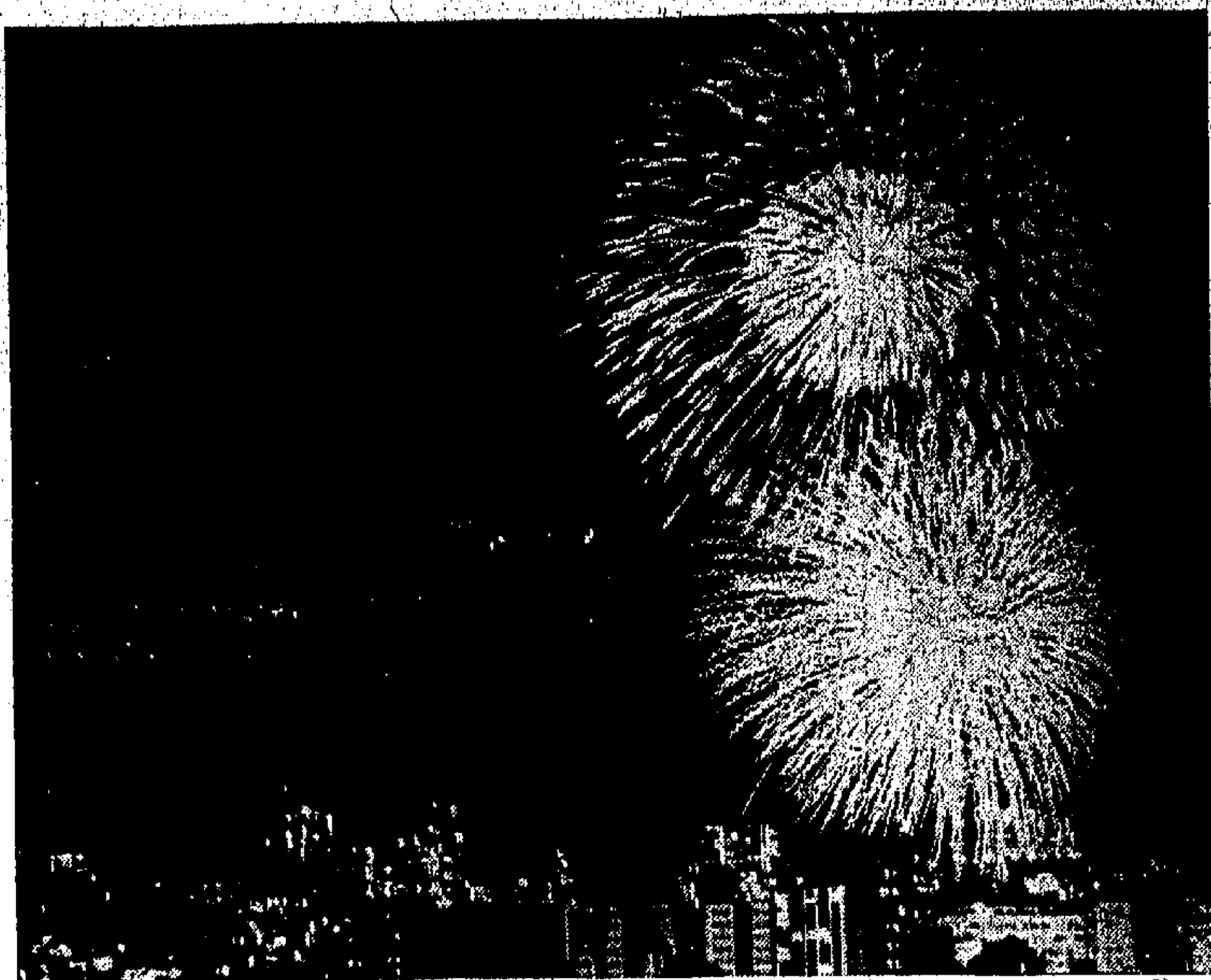
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# MAX FACTOR

HOLLYWOOD

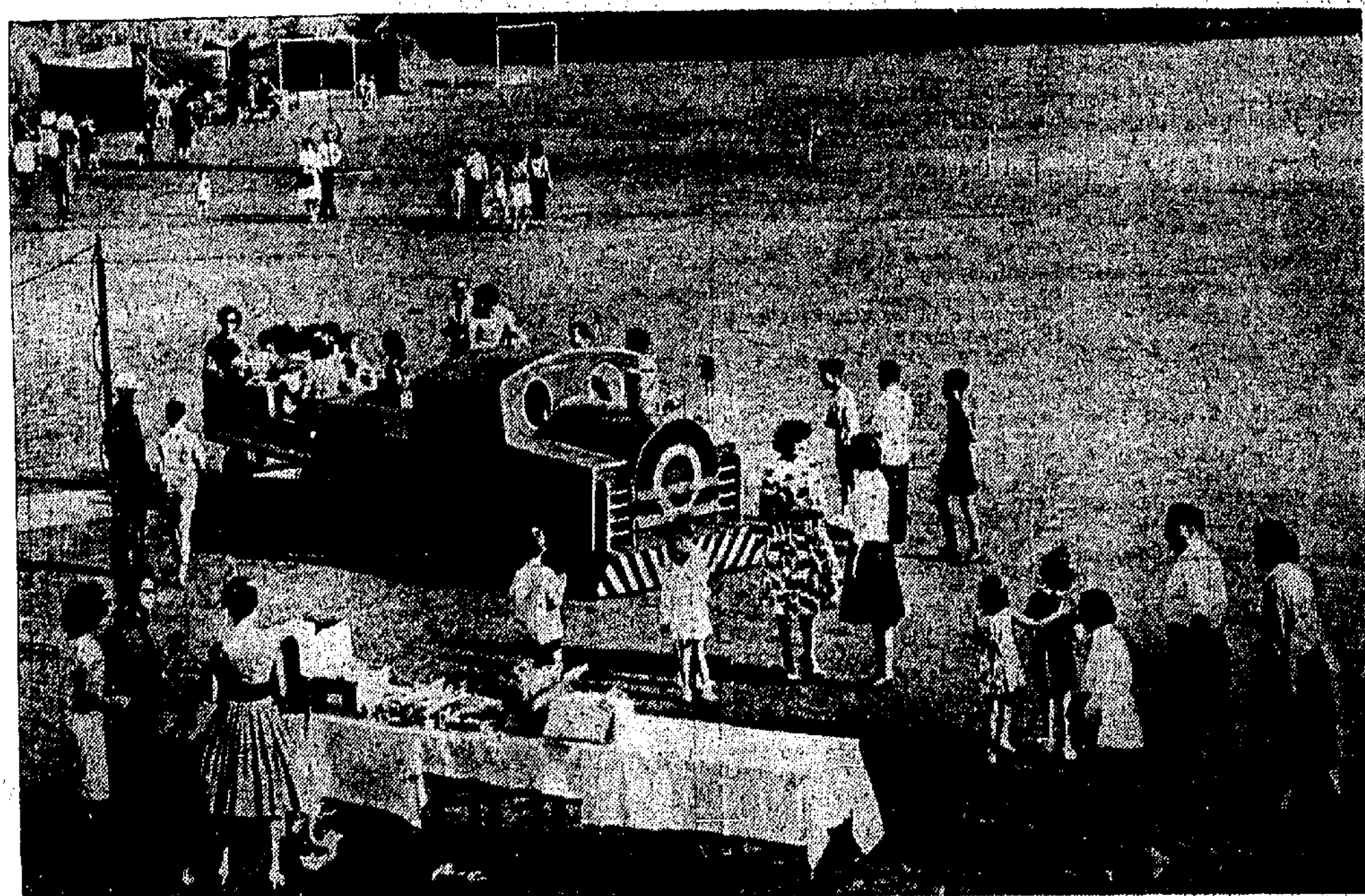




**ABOVE:** From left to right; Mr H. D. Guzdar and Mr William E. Babcock inspecting some of the exhibits at the Isbrandtsen Mobile Trade Fair on Monday.



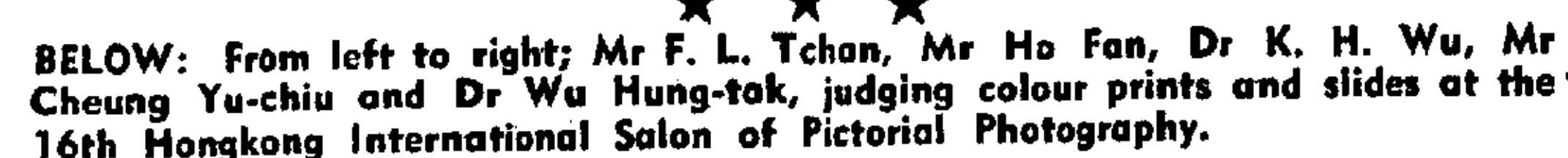
**ABOVE:** Mr and Mrs Roberto Alexandre Rozario cutting the cake during their wedding reception held last Saturday at the Club Lusitano. Their marriage took place earlier that morning at St Joseph's Church, Garden-road.



**ABOVE: Youngsters enjoying a ride on the model train during the Kowloon Cricket Club Children's Fete.**



**ABOVE:** Mr Wong Chun-loy presenting the annual report at the U.S.D. Chi Kit School Speech Day held recently.



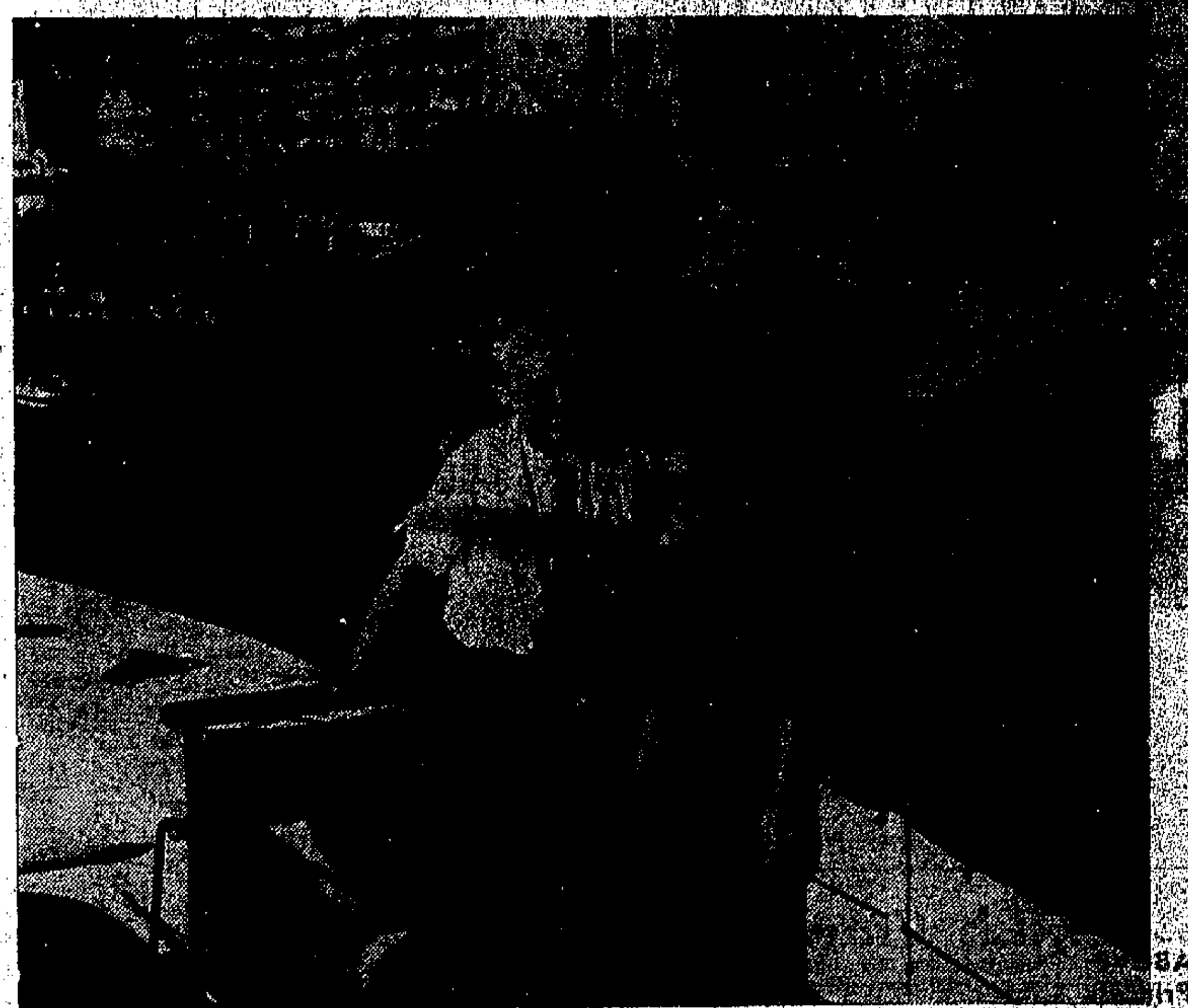
BELOW: From left to right; Mr F. L. Tchan, Mr Ho Fan, Dr K. H. Wu, Mr Cheung Yu-chiu and Dr Wu Hung-tak, judging colour prints and slides at the 16th Hongkong International Salon of Pictorial Photography.



**ABOVE:** With smiles all round, the sum of \$2,343.95 was presented to Mr John L. Rhodes, Chief of CARE, Hongkong, by the Rev Basil H. Struthers (left), Chaplain of the USS Piedmont, to aid needy families in Hongkong.



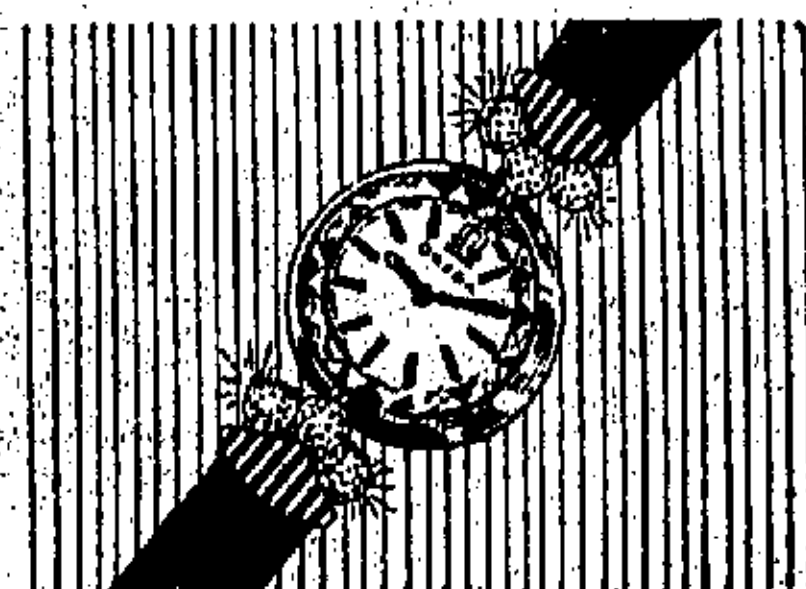
**RIGHT:** Mr A. C. Kotchian, Group Vice-President of Lockheed Aircraft Corporation, and Mrs Kotchian, pictured on board a luxury launch at Yaumati typhoon shelter during their visit to the Colony.



**ASOYN**—Children parading in fancy dress during the carnival in the town of Asbury, N.J.

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**ASOYN**—Children parading in fancy dress during the carnival in the town of Asbury, N.J.

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# PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT

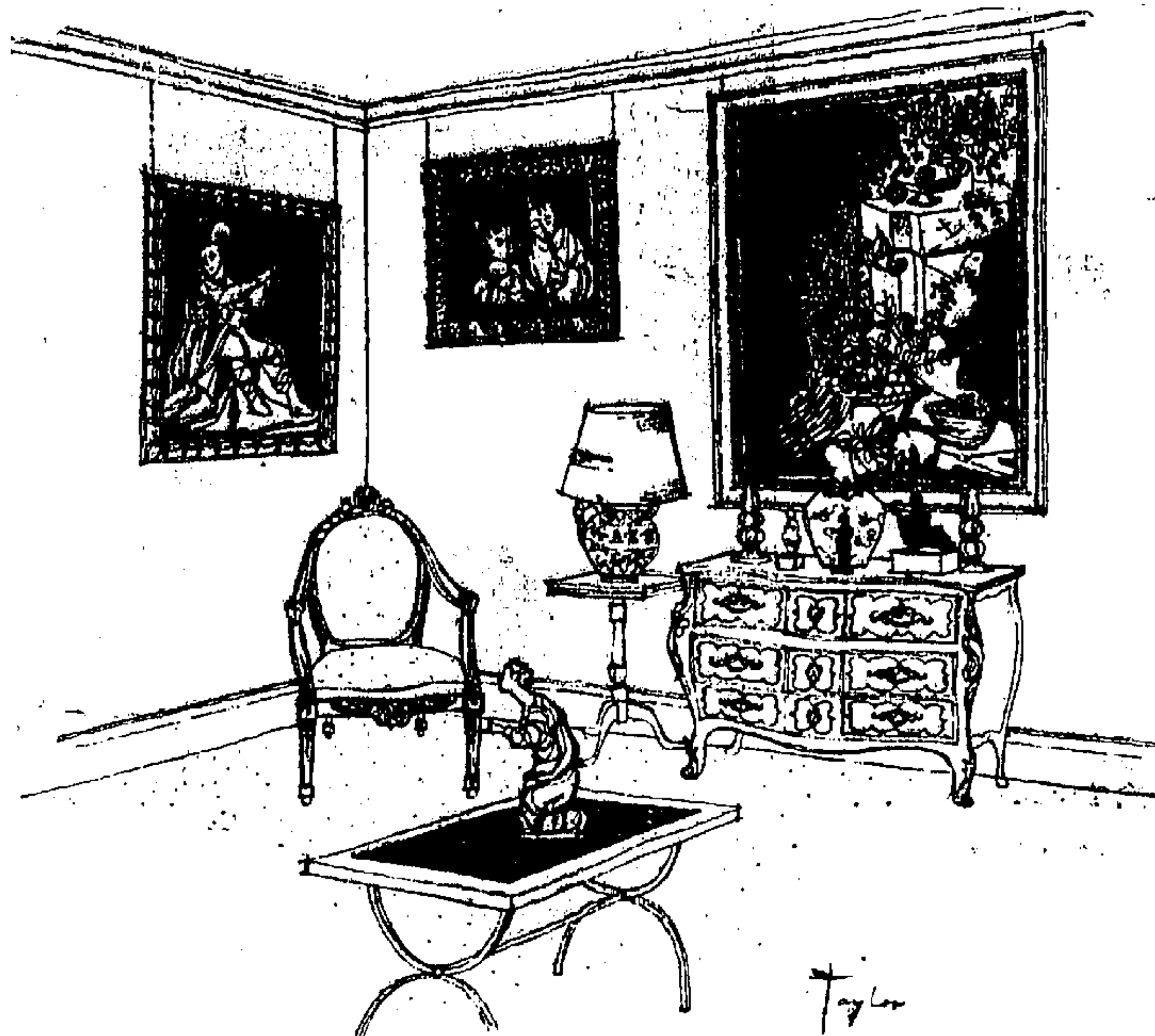
## AT HOME



A corner of Mr Wilson's living-room with a large still-life by Des Portes, a Louis-Quinze chair, and an 18th Century French cabinet.

TODAY:

The elegant  
Georgian house  
in Kensington  
of the  
Chairman  
of Sotheby's—  
PETER  
WILSON



He has none of the disdain which one so frequently finds in art dealers, like the one who when asked if he painted himself said: "Good gracious no, it's much too easy."

### Pleasure

WHEN I asked Mr Wilson "If he painted himself he said: 'I did attempt to when I was very young but the result was so bad that even to call it amateurish would be to invest it with too much dignity. But," he added, "however unsuccessful one is the sheer pleasure of trying to paint makes the effort worthwhile."

He has no modern paintings in his home. "I am sufficiently lacking in discrimination," he said smiling "for it to be easier for me, with a limited amount of money to buy old paintings. Good modern paintings are vastly more expensive."

By BARBARA ANNE TAYLOR

I asked him which modern paintings he would buy if he had an unlimited amount of money. After a long pause he said: "This is like when you are a child at school and you desperately long for three pence to buy sweets, then in the holidays when three pence are abundant sweets seem less desirable."

"But it would be very exciting to possess a Picasso or a De Stael, and there is no sculptor in the world whose work I would like to have more than Henry Moore's."

### Disservice

ALTHOUGH he chooses to live with old paintings, he is keenly interested in modern works and does not subscribe to the theory that it is some lack in the artists that makes their work difficult to understand.

"On the contrary," he said, "I think it is greatly to their credit. It indicates that they are not pandering to popular taste by doing facile decoration. They are attempting to express complex feelings towards a complex world and anyone who neglects to attempt to understand them does himself a great disservice."

"If you deliberately cut yourself off from one form of art your capacity to appreciate any art is greatly diminished."

His home is like a small art gallery with exquisite works from most of the famous schools of painting. He has no reproductions — "reproductions are fine for books on art," he said, "but they certainly are not good enough to hang. I'd rather have an original painting by a child of seven."

I pointed out that you can now buy reproductions "touched up by hand to give that genuine look." His reply was that infectious laugh.

The furniture in his home is also old, mainly French and English 18th century.

"There is no distinctive style in modern furniture," he said, "it is simply a matter of raising something from the ground that is soft enough to sit on. It is like poetry without a metre."

### Valuable?

"No, I don't envisage a time when any of today's furniture will be auctioned at Sotheby's as rare and valuable antiques. Partly because mass production means that there is simply too much of it, and also it does have a tendency to fall to pieces — of course if it falls to pieces there won't be so much of it, but nevertheless it lacks the craftsmanship that is an essential part of a work of art."

As he prefers old paintings and old furniture, so he also prefers old architecture.

"I don't think I would like to live in a modern house," he said, "although I must say when I am in our New York office in the beautiful modern Corning Glass building I wonder how I can ever come back and work in old-fashioned Sotheby's. But I do."

(London Express Service)

## Room only for the exquisite

EBULLIENCE, persistence, cunning, and a good loud voice — these, according to the numerous people I asked, are popularly supposed to be the predominant qualities in an auctioneer.

A recent pop record called The Auctioneer has done nothing to diminish this public image of a breed of men excelling in a voluble flow of exuberant gibberish.

Well primed with such erroneous notions I set off to an address in Kensington. A green door set in a high wall led into a quiet garden, at the end of which surrounded by trees and in monastic stillness stood an elegant Georgian house.

The house is called Garden Lodge. It is the home of Mr Peter Wilson, (grandson of Lord Ribblesdale, a former trustee of the National Gallery) the Chairman of Sotheby's, under whose gavel have been sold some of the world's most coveted paintings.

He is a tall, quiet man of immense charm and with an infectious laugh, the complete antithesis of that vociferous and fallacious archetype.

Mr Wilson has been with Sotheby's since 1936 and its chairman since 1958. It is his personality and enthusiasm, plus a little help from the Treasury (to pay the proceeds of sale in consignee's own currency), that have helped Sotheby's to become the focal point of the world's art deals.

He is primarily concerned with paintings and 25 years of almost daily contact with great works of art have in no way lessened his enthusiasm or respect for this subject which is his abiding interest in life.

## Cherry cake

a new recipe

A REALLY rich cherry cake can be a great disappointment simply because the cherries, as soon as the heat gets to them, slip to the bottom.

One can make a cherry cake where the fruit will remain more or less in position but, generally, it is not as rich and moist as one would like.

Here is a recipe for a cake I made this week and the cherries did stay where they belonged.

Cream together 4oz. each of butter and caster sugar and a pinch of salt. Sift 6oz. self-raising flour. Beat two large eggs, one at a time, into the creamed mixture, adding a good dessertspoon of flour in hour in advance and then shake off the surplus. Actually, I did not separate.)

Add the remaining flour, two drops of almond essence and, finally, 2 to 3oz. glacé cherries, each cut into four pieces. (If the cherries are very moist, it helps to sprinkle them with a dessertspoon of flour an hour in advance and then shake off the surplus. Actually, I did not separate.)

Turn the mixture into a buttered and floured tin. A 6in. one will do. Bake the cake for just under 10 minutes at 400 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 6, then lower the heat for 40 minutes to 375 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 5 or even a little lower if your oven tends to run hot. To test: Listen to the cake. If there is a faint hissing sound, bake for a further five minutes or so. If not, turn it out and leave it to cool out of a draught.

When one is "it" as it were, it is a good idea to make a large batch of the plain creamed mixture — say, four times the amount — and make a selection of cakes from it.

Divide the batter into four portions. To one, add the cherries as above. Add 4oz. mixed dried fruit to another. To the third add half teaspoon ground ginger and 2oz. chopped crystallised ginger and, to the fourth, add a teaspoon of cayenne seeds, if liked, or 2oz. chopped walnuts and 2oz. stoned dates, cut into strips. When the baked cakes are cold, wrap them in greaseproof paper and store them in a lidded tin. As the mixture is rich enough, the cakes will keep well for up to three weeks.

IF YOU WANT TO BE ONE UP AT THE DINNER TABLE...

## SNOB'S GUIDE TO CHEESE

BY SHIRLEY LOWE

ONCE, a rather runny Camembert was enough to set the social seal on a dinner party. But when they started selling it in tiny triangular portions the true cheese snobs realised it was time to find something else. It's easy to get one of those unpronounceable cheeses with seeds inside and pips outside, but there's

always one man who turns it warily over with his knife and petulantly asks for Cheddar. The really subtle way to stun your guests is to serve a perfect English cheese, with the exquisitely right wine, the perfectly timed remark. Memorise the Snob's Guide to Cheese and you need never feel inadequate — as host or guest — with a cheese board again.

THE MAKE	FLAVOUR	THE WINE	WHAT TO SAY
CAERPHILLY	Mild	Medium dry white wine. Hock. Dry sherry	"Curiously enough most Caerphilly comes from the West Country these days."
RED & WHITE CHESHIRE	Mild and mellow	Light claret	"They've been making this stuff for seven centuries you know."
BLUE CHESHIRE	Rich and creamy	Tawny port. Oloroso sherry	"Aha, some Old Blue. How clever of you to find it."
WENSLEYDALE	Mild and slightly salty	Hock	"We can thank the Cistercian monks for this."
CHEODAR	Mellow	Light claret. Tawny port	"Personally, I prefer it a little more mature to bring out the essentially NUTTY flavour."
DOUBLE GLOUCESTER	Mellow and full	Full claret. Red Burgundy	"Do you have any SINGLE Gloucester...?"
WHITE STILTON	Mild	Ruby port	"I hope the un's more than five weeks old."
BLUE STILTON	Rich and mellow	Tawny or vintage port. Red Burgundy	"Have you any wheaten bread...?"
DERBY	Tangy	Ruby port	"The texture isn't quite OPEN enough for me."
LEICESTER	Medium strong	Claret. Madiera	"Have you any cheese just a LITTLE more nutty?"
LANCASHIRE	Mild	Light dry red wine. Medium dry sherry. Ruby port	"I've always been rather fond of LANCASHIRE cheese."
DORSET BLUE VINNY	Rich and pungent	Tawny port	"A deliciously STILLY cheese."

For the best choice of all, have to serve with a little bit of everything. You can always get away with a glass of beer.

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WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

Bringing you news of the people who once made headlines...

# THE VICAR WHO HID IN THE BOOT OF A CAR

THE silver-haired country gentleman was perfectly willing to talk. About chickens. About Leghorns. About how to make a profit from them. About everything but the past.

Which is a pity. For not even the keenest of chicken breeders would deny that the past of Mr Philip St John Wilson Ross is a lot more fascinating than his present.

His story is one that could have sprung straight from the pages of a novel—except that some pedantic critic would almost certainly have condemned the plot as "far-fetched."

## He comforted the widow

Perhaps recollection will come easier to you if I address Mr Ross as he is no longer entitled to be addressed, as "the Rev. Philip Ross."



Chicken breeder Ross today—happy to talk about everything but the past.

You remember now?

Mr Ross was vicar of Woodford in Cheshire until his unfortunate "death" in a swimming accident in 1955.

But the story begins earlier than that. In 1953 the vicar of Woodford called to comfort the bereaved widow of one of his flock.

She was Mrs Kathleen Ryall, a former London model. She was well off and, although by then middle-aged, a not unattractive woman. His visits to her home at Cheadle Hulme became more frequent. And she visited the vicar and his wife at their home.

People began to talk, but the visits went on. Then, on August 11, 1955, the vicar staged his fantastic runaway.

He was on a caravanning holiday with his wife and daughter in North Wales. He went for a swim at Hell's Mouth—and vanished. A pile of clothes seemed to be the only trace of him left.

There was no reason to suspect other than the obvious. The vicar of Woodford was dead.

His wife and daughter went into mourning. The parishioners were saddened. The gossiping tongues ceased to wag.

The High Court presumed the vicar dead. But he was very much alive.

His swim had taken him well out to sea, then he had returned to a point further along the coast. There he

dressed in a lounge suit and headed for London.

In London he was joined by Mrs Ryall. The great deception had begun.

Mrs Ryall sold her home in Cheshire and moved to London. When the couple went out together, the vicar, without his dog collar, sat at the wheel of Mrs Ryall's Jaguar.

When his health became poor and a doctor advised him to live in the country they moved

by LLEW GARDNER

to a cottage in Buckinghamshire, where they were known as Mr and Mrs Davies.

But then, 14 months after the vicar's vanishing swim, rumours began to circulate that he was still alive.

At first they seemed incredible, but they gained in force. Finally, the rumours exploded into headlines.

The vicar and Mrs Ryall were traced—in Switzerland and then back to this country. Mrs Ryall, in a state of nervous collapse, entered a nursing home.

The elusive Mr Ross, however, was not to be found. Once again he had done his vanishing trick.

At long last, on November 19, 1956, he was found—hiding in the boot of a friend's car. Red-eyed from lack of sleep and worry, he told reporters: "I have had a good run. The game is up. It is finished."

It's not fair—

I won't answer

Recovering, he added: "Now you can go to hell."

In January 1960 Mrs Ryall died. Mr Ross—by now unfrocked—was not at the graveside. Nor did he send a wreath.

But Mrs Ryall had not forgotten him. She left him £10,000 in her will.

"I still haven't received a penny of that money," Mr Ross told me as we inspected his

chickens at his home. The Grange, at East Bergholt, in Suffolk.

"I still don't know how much I'm going to get. By the time the Government has taken its share in death duties, I expect it will be a lot less than £10,000."

The past? "I have never talked about it. I do not see why I should talk about it now."

Would he do the same again? I asked. The ex-vicar bowed his head and scratched a pattern in the soil with the toe of his shoe.

At length, he answered: "That is not a fair question. No, it is not a fair question. I will not answer."

Did he regret having been forced to leave the Church? In the same dry and emotionless voice with which he had answered the previous questions he said: "Naturally I have regrets."

They correspond only on "state occasions."

The ex-vicar smiled and explained his phrase: "You know, Christmas and times like that. We send one another cards. That's all."

How could any man not regret having to give up something that was part of his life for a great many years?

Mr Ross is not divorced from the wife he left to wonder and worry. "There wouldn't be much point in that would there?" he said.

"After all, neither my wife nor I are planning to marry again. I see no need to start proceedings and I'm sure she wouldn't."

Return to his wife? Again there came the same flat reply: "There wouldn't be much point in that, would there?"

3,000 chickens —and so proud

Only one thing: you have to be careful the birds don't get caught.

We paused while Mr Ross gazed with pride at one crowded hen-house: "There's your Christmas dinner in there," he said.

"They should be worth 2s. 6d. a lb. and by Christmas they should weigh 8lb. each. Eight hundred birds at 2s. 6d. a lb. that's £800."

It hardly seemed fair to say that I prefer duck.

What made him decide on chicken breeding? "Well, there are 11 acres here and when I bought it, I realised I would have to do something with it."

"I thought of pigs to begin with, but very soon gave that idea up. Pigs are useless. The Danes have got this country completely beaten. They have turned pig breeding into a national industry. We can't compete with that."

Followed by Mr Ross's 15-month-old Alsatian, Tessa, we walked on through the chicken runs.

"Mind you, I haven't started to make a profit yet. There is an awful lot of work to do once you start chicken breeding. Roads and runs to be built, fences to be put up, hen-houses erected. It all costs a lot of money. Once the money does start coming in I should make about 10s. a year on each laying bird."

Mr Ross has turned one field into a caravan site—3s. 6d. a night, 21s. a week.

We had a big caravan rally here earlier in the year," he said. "After I've got the chicken business going I'll make some improvements here."

"Look at that," he said. "People who think Suffolk is flat and uninteresting should come and look at this. It is one of the most beautiful views in the country."

I told Mr Ross. You sound like a happy man.

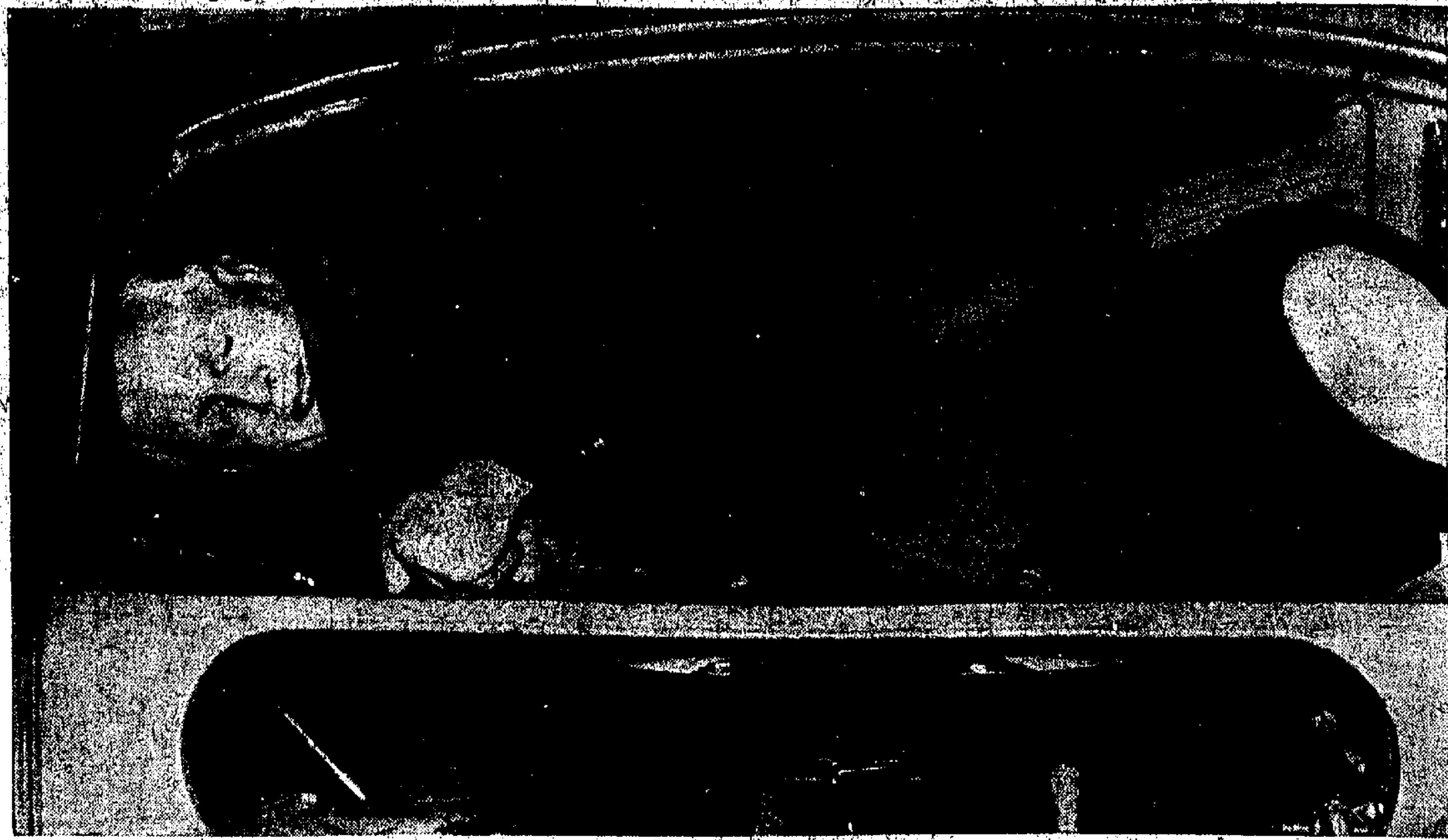
"I am," he answered. "I shall be happy to do this for the rest of my life."

As we shook hands I asked my last question: Do you still go to church?

He smiled and said: "No. It would be too embarrassing. Some people would lean over backwards to be tolerant; others would withdraw the hem of their garment."

"In any case, Sunday is a busy day in the poultry world."

(London Express Service.)



Flashback to 1956—Mr. Ross is found hiding in the boot of a friend's car

## GREAT ANIMAL STORIES

# Battle of the fangs —and wisdom wins

IT was the she-wolf who had first caught the sound of men's voices and the whining of the sled dogs.

The pack lingered for several minutes, making sure of the sounds, and then it, too, sprang away on the trail made by the she-wolf.

Running at the forefront of the pack was a large grey wolf—one of its several leaders.

It was he who directed the pack's course on the heels of the she-wolf. It was he who snarled warningly at the younger members of the pack. And it was he who increased the pace when he sighted the she-wolf.

## TOO KINDLY

She dropped in alongside by him, as though it were her appointed position, and took the pace of the pack. He did not snarl at her, nor show his teeth, when any leap of hers changed to put her in advance of him.

On the contrary, he seemed kindly disposed towards her—too kindly to suit her, for he was prone to run near to her, and when he ran too near it was she who snarled and showed her teeth. Nor was she above slashing his shoulder sharply on occasion.

This was his one trouble in the running of the pack; but she had other troubles. On her other side ran a gaunt old wolf, grizzled and marked with the scars of many battles.

He ran always on her right side. The fact that he had but one eye, and that the left eye, might account for this.

He also was addicted to crowding her, to veering to ward her, till his scarred muzzle touched her body, or shoulder, or neck.

## SHARP-TOOTHED

After each repulse when the old wolf attempted to crowd her, she snarled and showed her teeth. But the sharp-toothed

of his desire he shouldered against a young three-year-old that ran on his blind right side.

This young wolf had attained his full size, and, considering the weak and famished condition of the pack, he possessed more than the average vigour and spirit. Nevertheless, he ran with his head even with the shoulder of his one-eyed elder.

When he ventured to run abreast of the older wolf (which was seldom), a snarl and a snap sent him back even with the shoulder again. Sometimes however, he dropped cautiously and slowly behind and edged in between the old leader and the she-wolf.

This was doubly resented, even triply resented. When she snarled his displeasure, the old leader would whirl on the three-year-old. Sometimes she whirled with him. And sometimes the young leader on the left whirled too.

At such times confronted by three sets of savage teeth, the young wolf stopped precipitately, throwing himself back on his haunches with fore-legs stiff, mouth menacing, and mane bristling.

Had there been food, love-making and fighting would have gone on apace, and the pack formation would have been broken up. But the situation of the pack was desperate. It was lean, with long-standing hunger.

## BRIEF FIGHT

They ran many miles that day. They ran through the night. And the next day found them still running. They were running over the surface of a world frozen and dead. No life stirred. They alone moved through the vast inertness. They alone were alive, and they sought for other things that were alive in order that they might devour them and continue to live.

They crossed low divides and entered a dense, small grove. In a low-lying country, between these divides

was a big bull they first found. Here was meat and life. It was a brief fight and fierce. The big bull was beset on every side, he ripped them open or split their skulls with shrewdly driven blows of his great hoofs.

He stamped them into the snow under him, in the walloping struggle. But he was foredoomed, and he went down with the she-wolf tearing savagely at his throat.

The famine was over. The wolves were now in the country of game.

There came a day, in this land of plenty, when the wolf-pack split in half and went in different directions. The she-wolf, the young leader on her left, and the one-eyed elder on her right, led their half of the pack down to the Mackenzie River and across into the lake country to the east. Each day this remnant of the pack dwindled.

was rewarded. Then they came upon the moose.

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## MANY BATTLES

Two by two, male and female the wolves were deserting. In the end there remained only four: the she-wolf, the young leader, the one-eyed one, and the ambitious three-year-old.

The she-wolf had by now developed a ferocious temper. She was a wolf of the old type, the marks of her teeth. Yet they never applied, in kind, never defended themselves against her. They turned their shoulders to her most savage slashes, and with wagging tails and mincing steps strove to placate her wrath.

But if they were all mindless toward her, they were all fierce toward one another. The three-year-old grew too ambitious in his fierceness. He caught the one-eyed elder on his blind side and ripped his ear with his teeth. Though the grizzled old wolf could see only for one side, he never pushed and veered of the other. He brought into play the wisdom of long years of experience.

His one eye and his scarred muzzle were his weapons. He was a wolf of the old type, the marks of his teeth. Yet they never applied, in kind, never defended themselves against her. They turned their shoulders to her most savage slashes, and with wagging tails and mincing steps strove to placate her wrath.

But the elder leader was very wise in his own way. He turned his head to look at a young wolf on his shoulder, and as he did his neck was pinned to the ground. With a single stroke the young wolf had severed the elder's neck.

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by JACK LONDON



Drawing by Barry Driscoll

It was a brief fight and fierce. The big bull was beset on every side.

be in doubt for a moment about what to do.

The battle began fairly, but it did not end fairly. There was no telling what the outcome would have been, for the third wolf joined the elder, and together, old leader and young leader, they attacked the ambitious three-year-old and proceeded to destroy him.

And in the meanwhile, the she-wolf, the cause of it all, sat down contentedly on her haunches and watched. She was even pleased.

And in the business of love the three-year-old, who had made this first adventure upon it, yielded up his life. On either side of his body stood his two rivals. They were gazing at the she-wolf, who sat smiling in the snow.

When the young leader lay in the snow, and moved no more, the she-wolf stalked over to the she-wolf. His carriage was one of mingled triumph and caution. He was plainly expecting a rebuff, and he was not. The she-wolf plainly surprised him, for he did not dash out to devour her. For the first time she met him with a kind smile.

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## WISE LEADER

But the elder leader was very wise in his own way. He turned his head to look at a young wolf on his shoulder, and as he did his neck was pinned to the ground. With a single stroke the young wolf had severed the elder's neck.

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## NEXT WEEK

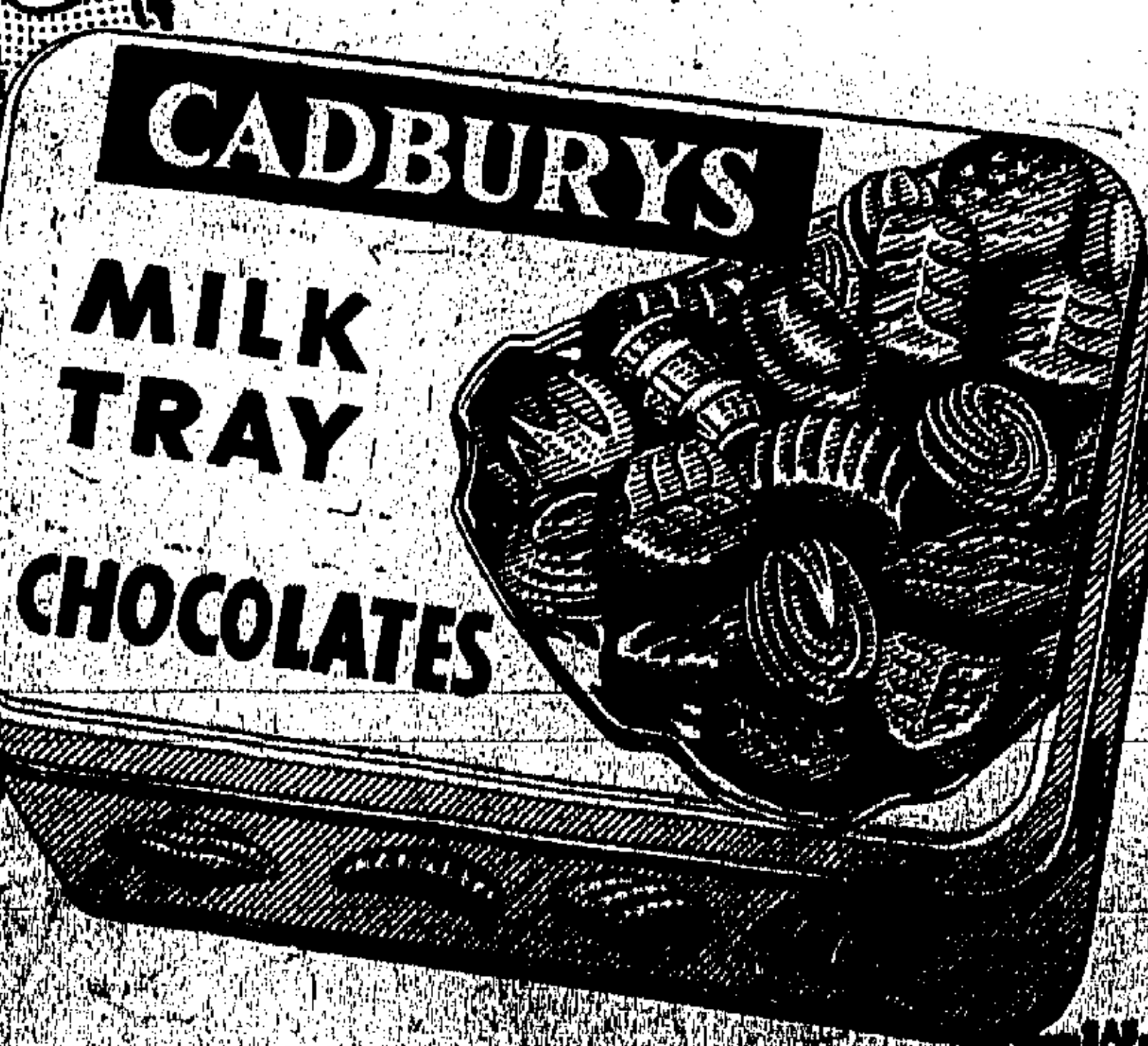
The young leader

by Rowena Thorne

(London Express Service.)

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# As a tribute to an old friend Here comes a new record

## from FRANKIE

Over 20 years ago a skinny, bumptious kid with cocker spaniel eyes was given a job as band singer with the great Tommy Dorsey organisation. His name: Frank Sinatra.

Today there are few free of minor musical cobwebs people in the world who have heard of "The Voice" as he is known in show business circles. Since he has become a legend in his own lifetime, and at an age when most men are considering retirement, he is going at it full blast.

Many things have been said and written about this amazing man, not all of them complimentary. But one thing even his enemies acknowledge is that he never forgets his friends.

### Tribute

On his newest album for Reprise, he categorically states through the medium of music, his friendship and appreciation for the man who helped propel him on the road to show business stardom. This is Frank Sinatra's tribute to a great musician, his friend, and as the saying is, "I Remember You."

When Frank joined Tommy Dorsey he was already a good singer in many ways, having had a stint with the Harry James orchestra. But there were many apparent weaknesses in his style which were more quickly to be altered, more by example than by actual instruction.

Dorsey the troubadour related the control and phrasing of which he was a master. Today, Sinatra is recognised as a hard-driving artist, with impeccable phrasing—a second to none. No wonder, then, that he remembers Tommy.

In order to capturing as possible, Sinatra invited Sy Oliver to back him. Oliver was the key arranger in the Dorsey organisation. Together they combine to give us some of the best dance music of any era.

The music of the great Tommy Dorsey is thus the music of the great

the year were break-ups of the Kingston Trio and the Platters.

There is a particularly big storm blowing in America over the latter split and court action has resulted between the recording company holding the original contract, and the group.

The root trouble is that the Platters' lead singer—Tony Williams—has quit and is now branching out on his own as a solo artist. Sinatra's Reprise label promptly snapped him up, and here is Williams now with a series of hits he helped make famous with the Platters.

It seems strange to hear the Platters' lead singer—Tony Williams—has quit and is now branching out on his own as a solo artist. Sinatra's Reprise label promptly snapped him up, and here is Williams now with a series of hits he helped make famous with the Platters.

There is no denying the fact that Tony Williams made the Platters. It was his voice, rather than the group's offerings of "The One I Love Belongs To Somebody Else," and other. A memorable disc indeed.

Among the tunes presented by Williams on this Reprise album are "My Prayer," "Mama," "Come Prima," and a 1961 San Remo Festival winner, "Mandolin." The backing is by the Buck Ram orchestra.

On Reprise: R 6006.  
—Mark Mayne

### Break-ups

Two of the biggest show business shocks of

Elvis in his new film plays the part of a yokel. Whatever a yokel may be I feel sure that he will fill the yokel boots extremely admirably. Fully described as a "Naive girl" (but presumably a singing yokel).

The title is "Pioneer Home".....not perhaps a very inspiring one, but who knows, perhaps it is the last of his last film. It is a musical comedy playing Red Indian roles.

The story concerns a war-deter Southern family who settle on a piece of unclaimed land beside a busy highway. Budgeted at \$1 million, the picture is a comedy of manners with a change as far as Elvis is concerned.

Elvis is concerned with demand on his acting ability. This is taken from the story by Richard Powell called "Here Come The Kwimpers" (The Kwimpers being the family in question).

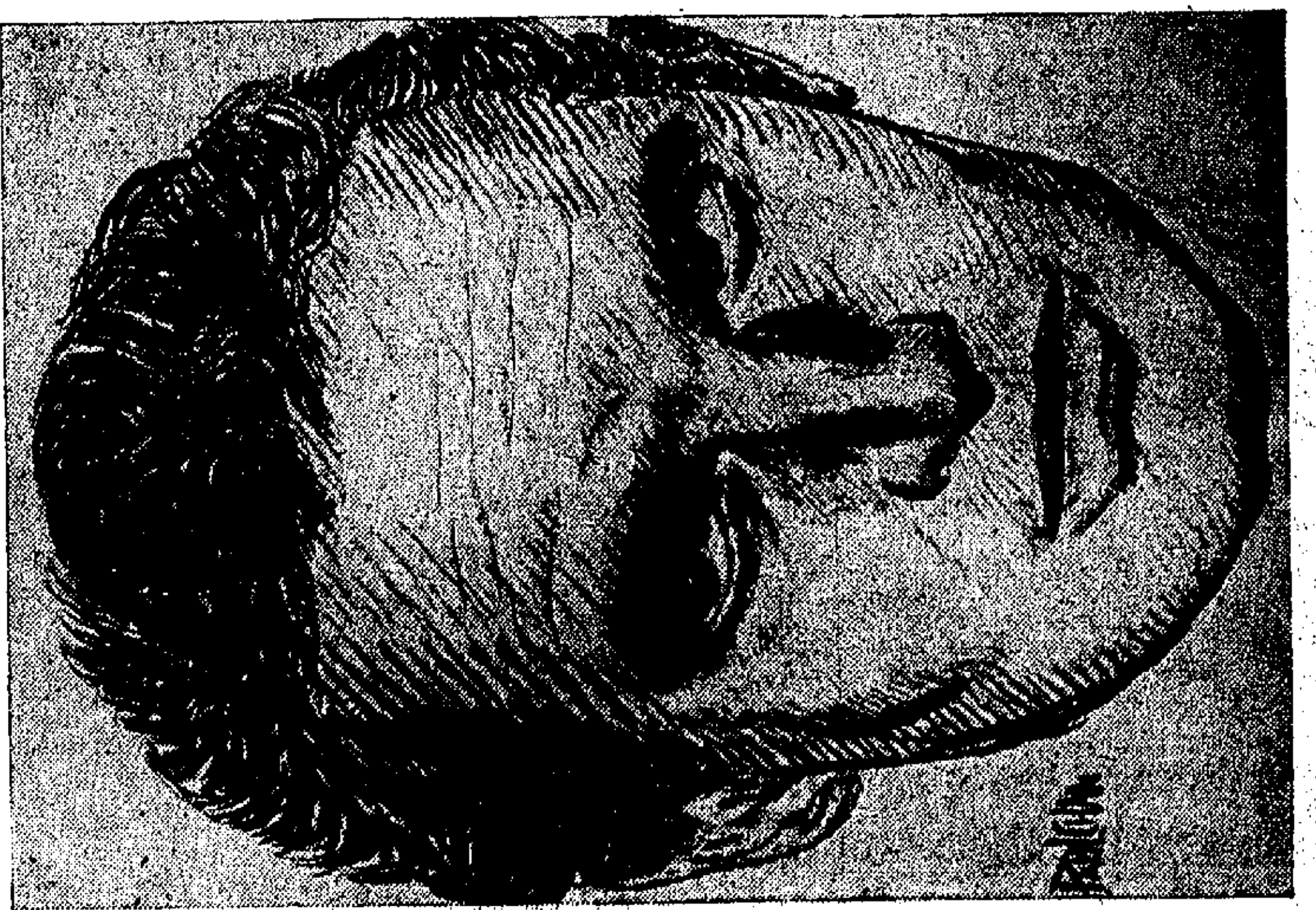
In his short career Elvis has so many projects that he will be able to stand up to the difficult task imposed by the requirements of a comedian.

An interesting piece of information on the art of staying in the public eye from the old grouser himself: "The great thing is never to be afraid to repeat yourself if what you do

BRITAIN (1) Walking Back to Happiness, (2) The Girl In Your Arms, (3) Hit The Road Jack, Cliff Richard, (3) His Latest Flame, Elvis

### WHO'S WHO IN THE BIBLE

- 1 Who threw himself on his sword on Mount Gilboa and why?
- 2 Who danced before the Lord—and who disapproved?
- 3 Who were made hewers of wood and drawers of water following a trick?



'BEN HUR' Credit card to Paul T. F. Chan.

Credit card to Jean Wong.

### ZOO'S WHO

SALESMAN, A FAMILY OF FISHES CLOSELY ALLIED TO THE SWORDFISH ARE FOUND IN THE WARM SEAS OF THE WORLD. THEY RANGE IN WEIGHT FROM 30 TO 100 POUNDS. A SWORDFISH WILL WEIGH 600 POUNDS.

THE SWORDFISH IS THE UNOFFICIAL SPEED CHAMPION OF ALL THE FISHES. THE ONES WHO SUCCEEDED IN TIMING IT.

THE SWORDFISH IS A GREAT JUMPER, AND SHOUT FORMED BY ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR SPECIES WITH WINTER FISHERMEN WHO VISIT THE SOUTH.

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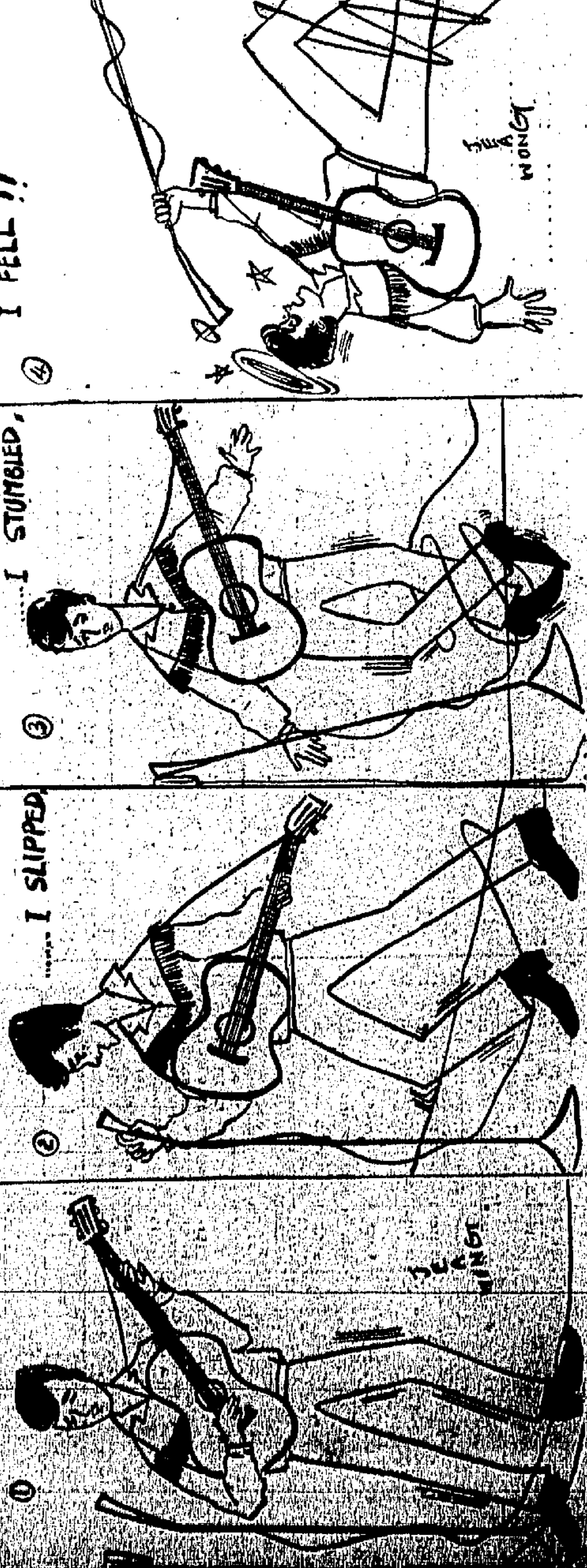
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Show  
business

## Patricia Lewis

The state of  
my marriage.... MAY  
BRITT  
TALKING

TO see them together is almost like playing gooseberry on a couple of young lovers.

I'm glad for both their sakes. Because when Sammy Davis Jun. came to London last August for a 10-week stay he arrived alone. And rumours began that all was not well with his marriage to Swedish actress May Britt.

May's arrival in London towards the end of Sammy's engagement soon showed that this controversial marriage is a great success.

There are private catch-phrases which render them both helpless with laughter.

There are shared memories communicated by a glance. There is not only tremendous warmth and affection in their mutual behaviour, but admiration, understanding, and fun.

## A crowd

Sammy and May flew home to America three weeks ago but came back to London for the Royal Variety Show, in which

Sammy appeared, on November 6. It has been an exhausting time for both of them.

I went out to the airport to meet them. Sammy as usual was surrounded by a crowd of friends and associates, and when he came out, he was with Lesley Bricusse, Lionel Blair, and Bernard Delfont. They began discussing a film project, May and I moved to another table.

"You know why I didn't want to give any interviews here?" she asked, and went on without pausing for me to answer.

"Because I have been so bored the past year with these endless questions about race."

"But I'm happy I came over. It was my first time outside London and it was interesting to



MAY BRITT DAVIS—THAT'S HOW SHE SIGNS HERSELF NOW

see places like Manchester and Liverpool."

She laughed, teeth whiter than ever without lipstick against the remnants of a Pacific Coast tan.

## A film

"I just like being on the road, I guess. But I must say I long to see my baby now."

"Not because Tracey will miss me, how can she at three months?" but because I miss her so much."

Many people thought that May Britt, film star, was finished when she became May Britt Davis—and this, incidentally, is how she signs her name.

But while in Britain she was teetering between going home or accepting a film in Spain.

"It meant 10 weeks there, so I would have had to bring over the baby and the nanny," she said, with a shrug.

"The problem was not so much Tracey—it's not until they are older, almost school-age, that children get upset by a change in environment—but Sammy."

Mr Reed has that  
teenage feeling

HE has a huge head matted with long, heavy hair. His eyes are big and grey and brooding.

His mouth remains un-amused for so long that whatever small stretch of neck exists between it and a pair of threatening shoulders sinks gradually from sight.

It is only, you feel, a question of the right moment before he bops you one.

As an actor Oliver Reed looks every solid inch the perfect casting if someone were to turn the story of Neolithic Man into a film.

★ ★ ★

But as a pop singer he comes as a complete surprise.

Yet the most unsuitably named Mr Reed is, in his early twenties, a veteran villain from Hammer Films Chamber of Horrors and with his first record, "Lonely For a Girl," a

quick-climbing success on the Hit Parade.

"You've got to know where your bread and butter comes from," he explained. "And it comes from the teenagers today."

"My ambition is to walk out of Wimbledon Town Hall and have all the kids rip my clothes off for souvenirs—because it'll show I've arrived."

"When I sing the beat affects me more than the words and I feel a part of the teenagers and the way they act. It's real. And actors aren't real."

"They're a bore when they insist on living off a ham roll for their so-called 'art.'"

The well-spoken, well-born Mr Reed (his uncle is Sir Carol Reed) scowled as I started to laugh. I quickly coughed instead.

"If I can't make a living as an entertainer—and I don't mean just acting, but singing, dancing, throwing knives, the lot—then I'll accept and give up," he declared fervently.

"We've only been married a year, it's good, these constant separations."

"Look what happens! Both parties continue their careers and they never see each other. How can a marriage survive?" It was my turn to shrug.

"No, I've been very content the last year," continued May. "I like very much being at home."

"Work? I haven't missed it, but I've been busy having the baby. And there have been no offers since... until the Spain thing."

She looked across the airport restaurant at her husband who, sensing something, glanced up from his business conference and blew a kiss.

## A smile

Mrs Davis Jun. responded with a smile, and I noticed for the first time that they wore identical wedding rings.

"He never stops, does he?" I said. "I marvel how you can cope with the pressure of flying to New York, then on to Los Angeles today... home, when we're waking up here, and then to Las Vegas tomorrow for more cabaret."

The smile this time was prompted by an inner honesty, and a little sad.

"He must sleep. I really must make him sleep."

"But it's not easy. You know, he was supposed to have three weeks' rest before he came here. Well, it was all business conferences, television appearances, and record sessions. But that's the way he is."

Again her gaze wandered across the room. Sammy waved us to come back. "He's really a great man—you know, as a person," she said softly as we walked over.

"Darling!" called Sammy. "We've got thousands of films to do—me for both of us and one for me."

"Oh, Gahdi," his voice changed to the Shakespearean actor register. "It's all too, too much!"

As the laughter died down, Mrs Davis Jun. spoke up.

"That's fine," she said. "As long as there's some time left for us to have another baby."

Which, I would think, is all anyone needs to know about the state of Sammy Davis Jun.'s marriage to May Britt.

ALBERT FINNEY's next move after "Luther" will be a film for Tony Richardson at Woodfall Productions. He will play the "Tom Jones" of the title in a costume piece.

The  
reluctant  
Gershwin

THERE'S a fortune gathering dust in a New York apartment.

The apartment belongs to Ira Gershwin, the lyricist brother of the late George Gershwin and lying neglected in his desk is a pile of notebooks containing all the unpublished melodies George had jotted down before he died in 1937. When he was only 38.

## STACCATO

She spoke in the nervous, staccato voice of someone on whom such memories—both precious and painful—weigh heavily like a duty until they are saved by speech.

"I would love to arrange the tunes into songs if Ira would only do the lyrics with me," she went on, more strongly.

"But he's so reluctant to work that I gave up nagging him. I did persuade him to do 10 numbers, though—they were snapped up for a film, 'The Shocking Miss Pilgrim'—but it was such hard going I went off to concentrate on my own work."

Miss Swift was silent a moment, then spread her arms wide in a gesture of helpless frustration.

"The thing that worries me," she sighed, "is realising the notebooks may be lost to us for ever if anything happens to Ira..."

It worries me too. And I wonder now—when the standard of modern music is so impoverished—Ira Gershwin can feel justified in depriving the public of such a treasury.

JOHN CASSAVETES, whose first directorial effort "Shadows" won such acclaim, did not attend the London premiere of his second film, "Too Late Blues," as planned.

He now has a major assignment directing Judy Garland and Burt Lancaster in "A Child is Waiting."

High  
cost of  
a Cossack

THE epic story of "Taras Bulba," sixteenth-century Cossack, will be filmed in the harsh-living gaucho region of the Argentine with Yul Brynner, Tony Curtis, and Sam Wanamaker making like the Steppes lead to their own front doors.

J. Lee Thompson ("The Guns of Navarone"), directing, explains the oddity of the location like this: "If you put a man on a horse in the United States it costs £230."

"If the horse has to gallop it's £265. Should the rider be required to fall off, the price goes up to £100, and if stunt-riding is needed, it rockets to £260."

Since the film involves 3,000 horses, the budget for South America comes out at nearly half what it would have been north of the border.

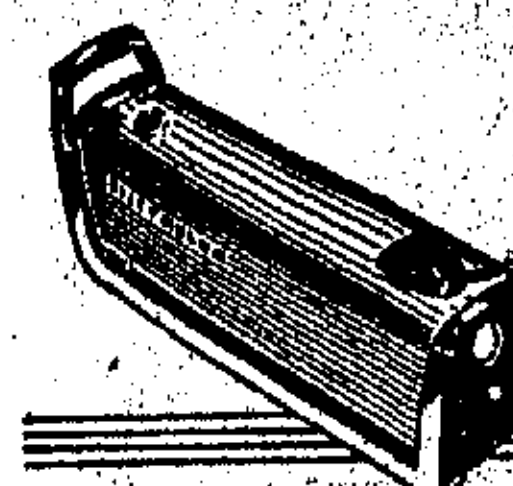
(London Express Service).

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## BOOK PAGE

Technical know-how — it's  
what makes the best  
thrillers so convincing

THE WRONG SIDE OF THE SKY. By Gavin Lyall. Hodder and Stoughton. 15s.

IN trains or planes, in punts or deck-chairs, in boarding house bedrooms or hotel lounges, or anywhere else where holidaymakers are fighting off their annual boredom, a good thriller can be a godsend. And *The Wrong Side of the Sky* is a good thriller, action-packed, as they say, and placed in a most convincingly realistic setting.

Jack Clay is a commercial pilot, and a very good one if not quite so good as his friend, Ken Kitson.

And to explain why, although he is so good, he is flying beat-up Dakotas on charter work for a phoney Swiss company, we have to go back several years to the partition of India.

In those panicky days rich Muslims or Hindus finding themselves on the wrong side of the new boundary line were paying anything to be flown to safety, and the commercial pilots were working overtime with a very lucrative sideline in ferrying out the portable fortunes of the rich Princes.

Both Clay and Kitson were there, got into political trouble over it, and lost their English licences. So Clay is now a Swiss national and Kitson a Pakistani. Kitson is, in fact, private pilot to a very rich Nawab who had a small part of his fortune pilfered during the troubles, and is now trying to trace it. The small part of a rich Nawab's fortune—entirely in precious stones—represents a pretty large sum for a displaced pilot, and chance puts Jack Clay on the trail of it.

## NOT A CROOK

(Clay is a pilot, not a crook, but, in the half-world of shady deals and cut-throat deals which he has been forced to know the score, and is not above demanding a high percentage as reward for the Nawab's recovery of his possessions, and of extorting his share at the point of a Beretta. If it comes to that.)

Richard Lister  
(London Express Service).

## THE BOOKS YOU ARE READING

HERE based on reports from booksellers all over the country, is my list of the week's best sellers:

FICTION:

A SEVERED HEAD by Iris Murdoch (Chatto and Windus, 18s.).

BURN OVER THE WATER by J. B. Priestley (Reynolds, 18s.).

THE SON by Henry Treece (Bodley Head, 18s.).

DECISION AT DELPHI by Helen MacInnes (Collins, 18s.).

THE WINTER OF OUR DISCONTENT by John Steinbeck (Hutchinson, 18s.).

NON-FICTION:

EYE OF THE WIND by Peter Scott (Hodder and Stoughton, 42s.).

ANZIO by Wynford Vaughan-Thomas (Longmans, 30s.).

A TUDOR TRAGEDY by Lucy Baldwin Smith (Cape, 25s.).

RING OF BRIGHT WATER by Gavin Maxwell (Longmans, 25s.).

INCREDIBLE JOURNEY by Sheila Burnford (Hodder and Stoughton, 12s. 6d.).

(London Express Service).

DISTURBING—THIS NOVEL  
ABOUT A TOP TORY

NOW for another disturbing novel. It is *THE MINISTER* (Hamish Hamilton, 16s.) by Maurice Edelman, the suave, culture-loving and luxuriantly good-looking M.P. who represents the car-workers of Coventry North. Mr Edelman has himself made an intense study of British political novels.

To literary societies he has lectured in languorous tones about John Galsworthy who wrote *The Borough* (subject: political jobbery) in 1832, and about A. E. W. Mason, best-known for *The Four Feathers* but also the author of *The Turnstile* (based on Mason's own brief career as Liberal M.P. for Coventry).

Now, in *The Minister* I believe that Edelman has produced a novel which itself deserves a very high place indeed in the roll of political fiction.

It is certainly the novel which I have enjoyed most in 1961.

It tells how Melville, a Tory Minister, achieves the aim of every Tory Minister. He becomes Tory Minister. But his public triumph is hollow since he has simultaneously discovered that his plain but well-loved wife has also allowed herself to be well

## A reservation

Set against this theme is the story of how Melville, having said: "I want the African to be my brother," adds in an indiscreet whisper, "but not my brother-in-law."

The pretty lady at whom the indiscretion is directed is the mistress of an Opposition Leader, duly caricatured and printed in the Press. It stirs riots in Africa and almost wrecks Melville's career.

Why do I call the novel disturbing? It is not because of Edelman's approach to morals which—unlike Miss Murdoch's—is both adult and real.

No, the disturbing thing about *The Minister* is that, far from being artificial, it too often rings frighteningly true.

## No malice

For it portrays a Tory leadership whose aim, above all, is to be free from any supposedly naive, old-fashioned notions about patriotism or Empire or national greatness. A leadership which thinks it is civilised and cultured to be just a little weary and cynical about everything.

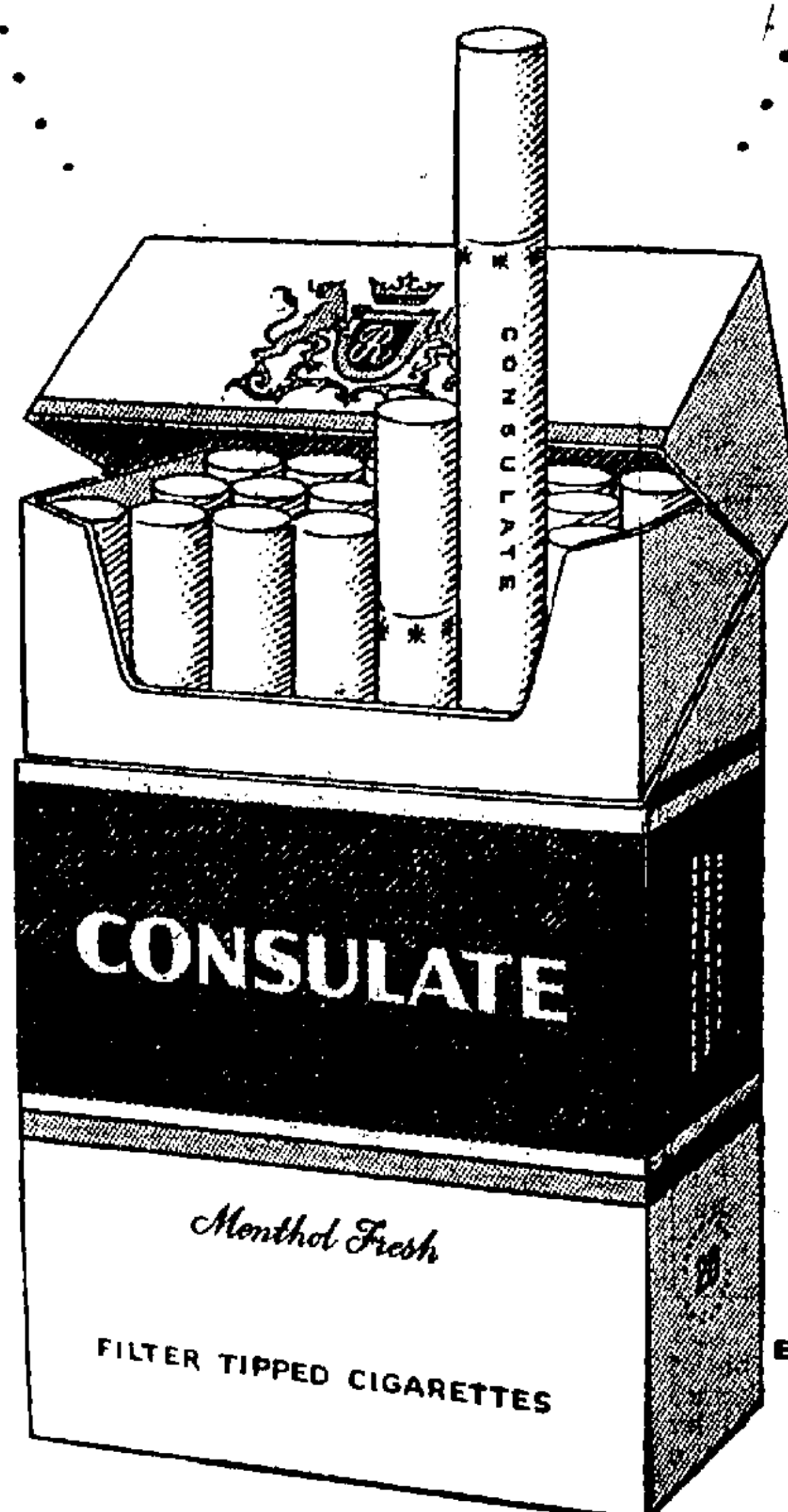
Socialist Edelman does not present this portrait with political malice. Indeed, it is clear that despite his Coventry connections the Melville attitude is his attitude too.

But I must draw attention to one rather unpleasant element in this otherwise first-class novel, in avoiding any appearance of party prejudice, Edelman goes so far as to put epigrams—yes, actual epigrams—into the mouths of everyday Tory back-benchers.

(London Express Service).



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## • BY THE WAY

By Beachcomber

DUMMIES' rule of clubs held the first trick and South won after everything that wasn't nailed down.

He cashed dummy's two remaining clubs and two hearts and led a spade to his queen. West won and led a spade back, whereupon South discarded one of dummy's diamonds and the last low spade, on the king of clubs and ace of hearts. The jack of diamonds was led next.

West went up with the ace and led a low diamond back, but South finessed against the queen anyway and made five odd for a score of 680.

The bidding started the same way at the other table, but when North left in the double of the one heart contract East decided to gamble the hand out.

<b>NORTH</b> 20	
♠ 553	
♥ Q	
♦ K332	
♣ AQ9	
<b>WEST (D)</b>	<b>EAST</b>
♠ A4	♠ 109872
♥ 64	♥ J9852
♦ AQ874	♦ 6
♣ J1032	♣ 65
<b>SOUTH</b>	
♠ KQ	♠ A1073
♥ J105	♥ K874
North and South vulnerable	
West North East South	
1♦ Double 1♥ Double	
Pass Pass 1♠ 2NT	
Pass 3NT Pass Pass	
Opening lead—♠ 2	

there. He was sure that North and South had a vulnerable game and he hoped to be able to make at least four tricks at one heart.

Actually, he did even better. The king of spades was opened and won by West's ace. A spade return put South in. He led the four of clubs to his partner's ace. North cashed the king and queen of trumps and jack of spades whereupon South wound up losing two clubs, two spades and four trumps for a net minus score of only 300 points.

### ♥ CARD SERVICE ♥

Q—The bidding has been:  
North East South West  
2♥ Pass ?  
You, South, hold:  
♠ 12 9 6 5 ♦ Q 10 3 ♣ J 9 5 4  
What do you do?  
A—Bid two no-trump. You have six points, but your hand may be abnormally worthless in support of spades.

TODAY'S QUESTION  
Your partner rebids to three diamonds. What do you do now?

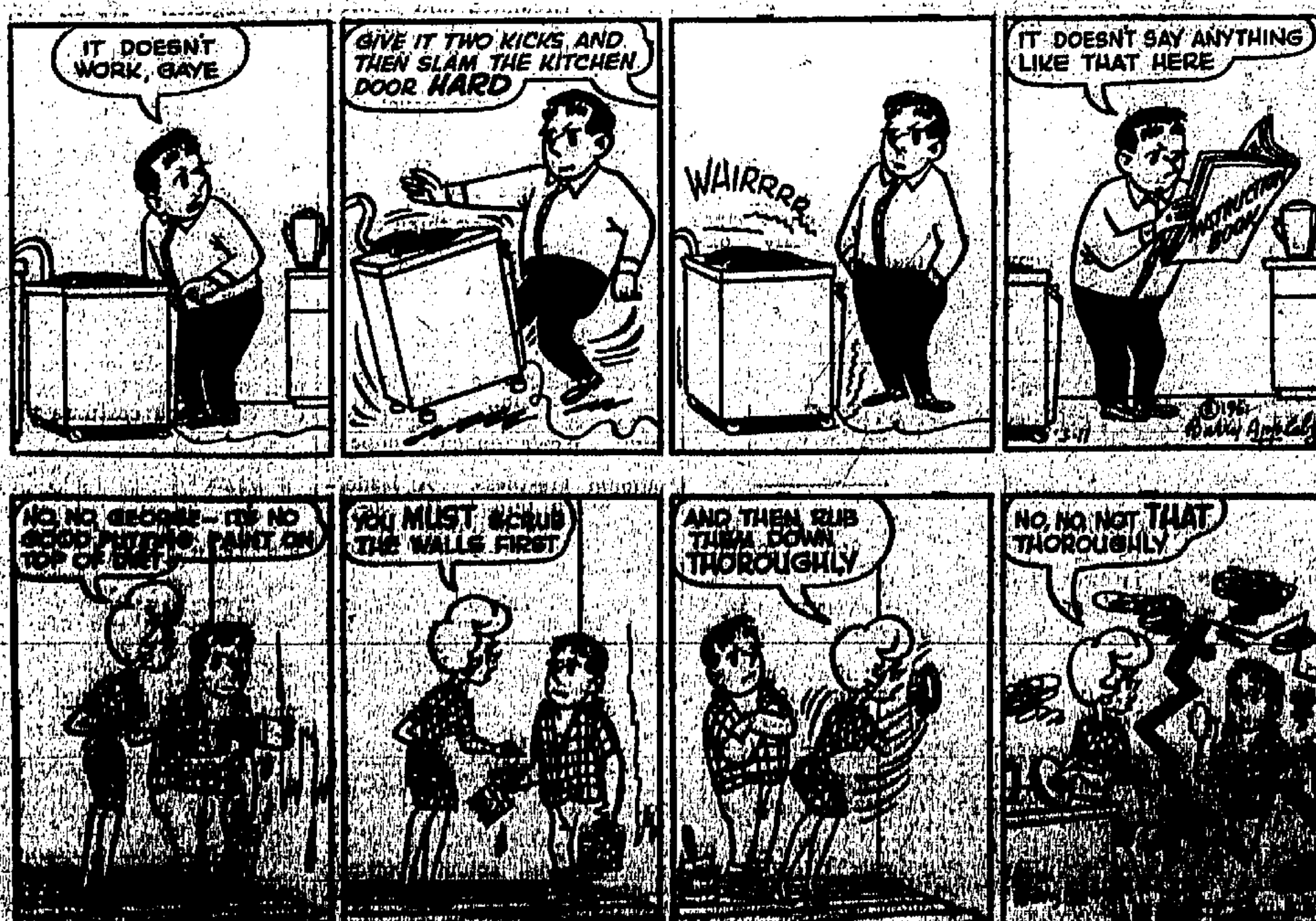
Answer on Monday

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## THE GAMBOLS . . . by Barry Appleby



## When a woman chooses to live with a legend...

Paris. TWO women out of Picasso's past, who are both painters in their own right, were worth noting last week as the master's 80th birthday was being celebrated on the Riviera.

Mlle. Dora Maar, now in her fifties, still bears traces of the beauty she was when she lived with Picasso in the '30's.

She has become a deeply religious woman and prays regularly for the unlikely miracle of Picasso's return to the Catholic faith.

### The other

The other is 39-year-old Françoise Gilot, who lived with Picasso from 1943 to 1953 and is the mother of two of his children, Claude, 14, and Paloma, 12.

Mlle. Gilot is more earth-bound in her attitude to Picasso.

She speaks of him with amused affection and without a trace of idolatry.

She denied a remark widely attributed to her at the time of her separation from Picasso that life with him was "like living with an ancient monument."

"It was someone else who made that remark," she said. "And in any case it's absurdly untrue."

What then is life like with Picasso?

"A little tiring," she said. "But fun."

She went on: "The most striking thing about Picasso is his sense of complete freedom. It is a freedom which communicates itself to anyone who is with him and who feels free in his presence as a result."

"That man has too much of everything. He is more than a painter, he is extremely clever. He can open people like a box. He loves laying traps for them. He adores the game of life."

"He finds, for example, the Philistine Russian attacks on him very funny."

"He enjoys the paradox that he a Communist should be admired in Russia while he is sold for enormous sums in the U.S."

We talked of his attitude to money.

Mlle. Gilot said: "He knows the price of a packet of cigarettes and after that he thinks in millions. Anything in between he finds very expensive."

Mlle. Gilot owns two Picassos—one *The Girl Flower*, painted in 1946, and the other a portrait of her, which to me looks like a brilliant parody of the Mona Lisa, painted in 1949.

The two children spend their holidays with their father, but

they took a week off from school last week to be with him on his birthday.

Both are average pupils, but the boy is showing signs of precocity.

H. shrewd fellow, has decided that he wants to be an art dealer.

QUOTE OF THE WEEK—Author Pierre Daninos: "The reason nobody has invaded England since 1066 is that nobody wants to spend a Sunday in the place."

### REMEMBER

LAST week on All Saints Day, France commemorated the sombre seventh anniversary of the Algerian Rebellion.

Two weeks after its outbreak, M. Jacques Chacalier, Minister for War in the Mendes-France Government, declared that mopping up was proceeding satisfactorily and that the little spot of bother in the Aures Mountains was being brought to a speedy end.

It was to be the first of a long series of disarmingly unfulfilled prophecies by Ministers and military chiefs. Since then horror has been piled on horror, carnage upon carnage with the rebel FLN setting the pace in savagery.

Nobody in French political life emerges from this dirty business with clean hands—nobody that is to say except de Gaulle. So much of recent French history has been successfully falsified that some facts are worth bearing in mind.

1—Nobody ever advocated immediate negotiations with the FLN before de Gaulle's return to power.

2—There is not a politician of any Party who has not at one time or another mouthed the empty slogan of "French Algeria."

3—The French professional army has developed its boy scout political faith occasionally seared with sadism because cowardly French governments from the Indo-Chinese war onwards abdicated their responsibilities to it and gave it a free hand to act as it thought best.

4—The credit for swinging the nation and the greater part

of the army behind a policy of negotiations and the acceptance of an independent Algeria is overwhelmingly de Gaulle's.

The gangrene that set in with the Indo-Chinese war, that advanced spectacularly during the Algerian war and which is still making progress—as witness the police brutalities in Paris recently—is likely to produce a final paroxysm in the patient.

But by the time All Saints Day 1962 comes round there is good reason to hope that the patient will be well on the way to recovery and the surgery will have been de Gaulle's.

### PROBLEM

THE education of Onassis's two children, Alexander, 13, and Christianne, is likely to prove a problem now that their mother has become the Marchioness of Blandford.

Both children go to school here. Now I understand they may be moved to school in England. This will complicate the present arrangement between the new Marchioness and Onassis whereby the children spend six months with each parent. There was talk of a compromise however, with the boy going to boarding school in Switzerland while the girls stay near her mother.

### THE LIST

I DO not wish to provoke a revolution in Iran but here is the detailed list of Queen Farah's purchases while on her recent State Visit here.

Seven cocktail dresses, four leather suits, seven ski outfits, for day and evening wear, two pairs of leather trousers, three leather coats, two suits, four silk blouses and three evening dresses.

On second thoughts the list seems to be sufficiently modest so as not to provoke a revolution—even in Iran.

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE—The post office at Aix-en-Provence religiously exhibits a suitably framed note from Picasso enclosing a cheque in payment of a telephone bill. (London Express Service).







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